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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Kotzebue.

From an original Drawing
by Bolt of Berlin

THE MOST REMARKABLE YEAR IN THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

HIS EXILE INTO SIBERIA,

AND OF

The other extraordinary Events which happened to him

IN RUSSIA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

THE REV. BENJAMIN BERESFORD,

English Lecturer to the Queen of Prussia.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,

No. 71, St. Paul's Church-yard,

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-square.

1802.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

DEDICATION.

TO my noble and generous protectors, his Excellency M. DE KUSCHELEFF, Counsellor of State, and Governor of Tobolsk; his Excellency M. DE RICHTER, Counsellor of State, and Governor of Livonia; to my noble and generous friends in the hour of need, M. DE LÖWENSTERN, formerly Mademoiselle de Bayer, at Wolmershoff; M. ECKARDT, Secretary to the Regency of Riga; M. PROVOST KOCH, and his respectable Lady, at Jesse; M. DE KNORRING, Provincial of the Chamber, and his worthy Lady, at Charlottenthal; M. SECRETARY HUEK, at Re-

vel; and M. CHARLES GEORGE GRAUMANN, at Petersburg.

Nor brass nor marble bears your honour'd names;
My glowing heart the fair inscription claims.
Deep-grav'd it lies, to grateful mem'ry true,
For ever legible, for ever new!
Your gen'rous succour pierc'd Siberia's gloom,
And snatch'd the exile from the darksome tomb;
Restor'd the charm that sooths and sweetens life,
The smiling offspring, and the gladden'd wife.
A theme like this demands no lofty lay;
Let simple truth the noble deed display!
And tho' whate'er I write may ill withstand
The ruthless stroke of Time's destructive hand—
The grateful Muse shall from oblivion steal
The votive line that speaks how much I feel!

PREFACE.

IN presenting to the Public the history of the last twelve months of my life, I have not been prompted by vanity. My adventures have been of so extraordinary and wonderful a nature, that they would interest the reader even as a romance; how much more then must they interest him as a true story?

But reasons of a more important nature than the amusement of the reader have determined me to publish the history of that year. All Germany, and, I may venture to add, a considerable part of Europe, have expressed some interest in my fate, arising either from motives of curiosity, or from a prin-

ciple of benevolence. It has been every where asked, what could have been the cause of my banishment? The effect was too striking not to induce an enquiry into the cause. A thousand tales have been invented and propagated. A book entitled, according to the reports of some, *The White Bear*, according to others, *The Bear of the North*, has been ascribed to my pen. There are people too who pretend to have read it. Some maintain that this book was written by another person, whose name began with the same letter as mine, and that I was the victim of this mistake. Others there are, who lay indiscreet conversations to my charge; while others again attribute my banishment to certain satirical passages, which they have discovered in

some of my pieces composed ten years ago. Among a variety of conjectures, no one, however, imagined the real cause, which originated solely in a *momentary* impulse of suspicion. I conceive then, that, in justice to my reputation, my children, and my friends, I ought to relate frankly, and with the strictest regard to truth, every circumstance relative to the affair; and thus rectify the various conjectures of which I have been the subject.

There is still another important obligation which renders this task necessary. To the Monarch, whose conduct respecting me has been so generally and so severely censured, I owe, not indeed a justification of that conduct, but a publication of the exalted generosity

with which he acknowledged and repaired the wrongs he had done me. I do not consider as reparation the rich presents I have received from him, and which have been so much exaggerated in the newspapers; for presents cost monarchs little, and titles cost them nothing. What I deem reparation, is the manner in which he conferred those favours, and in which he sought me out, treated, and conversed with me. Such conduct would have rendered even a private individual dear and amiable in my estimation; how much more so then the Sovereign of a mighty empire? One virtue he possessed, which is seldom found in common life, and still more rarely on a throne: he was ever ready to acknowledge, voluntarily,

the wrongs he had committed, and he repaired them not as an Emperor but as a man.

Another duty, as sacred as that which commands me to honour the memory of an Emperor, who is now no more, still further prompts me to take up the pen, namely, gratitude to the reigning Monarch, whose clemency and humanity are above all praise. He it is who has restored me to an infirm and aged mother, and to the Muses. He it is who, adding to the beneficence of his father, has made me for ever his faithful subject, even beyond the limits of his empire. May his reign be happy! May every day of his life resemble that of his accession to the throne, to which I was witness! and may he long live

the joy and admiration of a people who adore him!

Such were the motives which induced me to compose the following sheets, and to offer them to the perusal of the Public.

September, 1801.

THE

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR OF MY LIFE.

&c. &c.

THREE years had nearly elapsed since my wife and myself quitted Russia. The flattering reception we met with there strengthened the endearing ties which held us to the North: there we had children, relations, and friends; it was also the native country of my wife. I had promised her, that in the course of three years I would conduct her there again; and I was proud to keep my word. The journey, it is true, tore me away from a mother justly beloved, from a circle of worthy friends and a little possession at Weimar: but the separation was only to be for four months; it was merely a visit necessary to the health and happiness of

my wife, who passionately desired to see her native home once more.

The free ingress into the Russian territories being interrupted, it was indispensably necessary to provide myself with a passport from the Emperor. Of this I was aware, and applied to Baron de Krudener, privy counsellor to his Imperial Majesty, and his minister at the Court of Berlin. The Baron, in answer to my letter, informed me that he would instantly lay my request before his Court, but that I should do well to make direct application at the same time myself. In consequence of this, I wrote to the Emperor, explained the object of my journey, stated that my property in Russia required my presence there, and entreated his Majesty to grant me permission to reside four months in his dominions. My letter had scarcely been sent when I received another from Ba-

ron de Krudener, which, for several reasons, I think it necessary to insert here.

" It gives me great satisfaction, Sir, to " inform you of his Majesty's favourable " answer relative to your passport. I " am directed to make out the same, " and to insert therein the exact route " you intend to take, in order to remove " all obstacles to which, without such " precaution, you might be liable. You " will therefore, Sir, have the goodness " to inform me immediately of the " above particulars, and the number of " persons who are to accompany you, " and likewise to let me know whither " I am to send the passport, in case you " do not take Berlin in your way. I " am, &c. &c."

This letter afforded great pleasure to my wife, while on the contrary it created suspicion in me. I had left Russia with the Emperor's consent, and before

the publication of the order which required all persons leaving the country to engage never to return: but I knew that Paul was no friend to authors, and it was difficult to reconcile this well-known antipathy with an answer so prompt, and apparently so full of kindness. I could not conceive what obstacles I had to encounter when provided with a regular passport; and if such obstacles were common to all travellers, it was singular that an exception should be made in my behalf. What right had I to such distinction? Nor could I at all conceive what interest the Emperor could feel in being so well-informed of my route.

I imparted all my doubts to my wife, but she only laughed at them. Having accepted an invitation from a lady distinguished both by her rank and virtues, at whose house much company

usually resorted, we spoke of the contents of this letter agreeably to the different manner in which they had affected us, and every one present not only discountenanced my apprehensions, but pronounced them to be unreasonable and ill founded. To believe the Emperor capable of laying a snare for me was considered by them as an offence against the sacred faith of sovereigns.

I became more easy; and if any thing still continued to create anxiety, it was the circumstance of the term of four months being omitted in the body of the passport which I afterwards received. This omission was distressing, as it might tend to prevent my return, and I therefore had recourse to the following expedient. I had the honour to be dramatic writer to the Emperor of Germany, and in that quality I procured

a written leave of absence from the court of Vienna for the above-mentioned space of time, and I reserved this instrument to shew to the Austrian minister at St. Petersburg, in case my return should be at all impeded.

Having thus provided for my departure, my wife and myself, accompanied by three young children, left Weimar on the 10th of April 1800. We arrived at Berlin, where I found several letters which my friends in Livonia and Petersburg had written to me at the same time. They appeared to have acted in concert in advising me to consider how far I was able to encounter the severe cold of a northern climate. This concealed manner of warning me had not the effect they had reason to expect; I did not follow their advice, but considered their apprehensions as exaggerated or chimerical.

I waited on Baron de Krudener. I was already known to that estimable man, who is a friend to letters and humanity. He received me with his accustomed kindness; and I requested him, on taking my leave, to consider me as the father of a numerous family, and tell me in the sincerity of his heart, if he thought my return would be attended with any difficulties. My suspicions were confined entirely to that particular, and I must confess that M. de Krudener replied like a man who knew how to unite the rigorous obligations of duty with those of humanity. "In your place," said he, "I would write once more; you may however proceed on your journey, but wait at Konigsberg till your doubts are entirely removed."

The advice was good; and I was inclined to follow it, but my wife, whom I consulted on the occasion, and who had

solely her children and her country before her eyes, did not value it as it deserved. We both indeed treated the matter too lightly, and being furnished with a passport in the name and by the order of the Emperor of all the Russias, we ventured to proceed.

Every one who has travelled through the Prussian dominions knows that the post-horses there are very sluggish.* I frequently got out of my carriage and walked, and without any exertion was often a German mile before it. In this manner I one day arrived at a little town in Pomerania, which I think is called Zanert; I walked through it, and when I came to its extremity found several roads without knowing which to take.

* Some new regulations have taken place to the advantage of the traveller. Of this I am unable to speak from my own experience, having now left off travelling post in Prussia and Pomerania.

An old man who was near set me right; he was a tall thin figure, and probably belonged to the gate. He asked me whither I was going; and when I told him I was on my way to Russia, his voice altered. He advised me not to think of going thither, made use of the strongest reasons in support of his advice, and betrayed a solicitude so tender and paternal, that he seemed like an angel sent to counsel me. At last, finding that his advice was unavailing, he concluded with this short exclamation: "God help the man who goes into Russia!" I laughed exceedingly and continued my way; but how often have these emphatic words since struck me! how often have I been tempted to think that this man was a prophet who had foretold my destiny.

These repeated admonitions had, in spite of my reason, made some impression

on me, and I felt it still increase as I approached the confines of Russia. Such was the effect they had on me, that frequently on the road, and particularly at Memel, I seriously proposed to my wife that she should continue the journey by herself and I would return to that city and wait for her; but my fate was decreed,—she could not resolve upon this measure.

When we left Memel I took the precaution to leave my books there in order to avoid disputes with M. Tummanski of Riga, a man too well known for the ridiculous severity of his inquisitions.

The following pages were written in Siberia after my arrival at the place of my destination, at a time when the remembrance of my sufferings was still fresh and keen. I shall be obliged to rectify several passages, having since my return been furnished with further information

relative to many objects and to several personages, not always to their advantage. I reserve however the rectification for the sequel of this narrative. Not a word of what I wrote on the spot shall be suppressed; the reader will thus see, without disguise, what then were my sensations, my thoughts and my hopes.

WE came in sight of the frontiers; we passed the line, and were now on the territory of Russia. We could however have returned. No soldier stopped us; no river, no bridge, not the slightest barrier separated us from the Prussian dominions. Silent and with a heavy heart, I cast my eyes to the left: all the admonitions I had received now assailed me; I could scarcely breathe.

My wife too had her alarms, which she has since owned. She looked at me without saying a word. Still we

had time to retreat, but the wheel of fortune was turned, and we were about to undergo our destiny.

"Halt!" cried a Cossack, armed with a long pike. We were at the foot of a bridge that led over a small brook, the guard-house lay on our left; the officer made his appearance. "Your passport, Sir!"—"Here it is."—The officer opened it and examined the signature. "What name is this?— Krudener.— You are come from Berlin?—Yes.— Very well, pray go on, Sir." He made a sign, the barrier opened, the carriage rolled with a heavy sound over the bridge, the barrier shut behind us, and I heaved a deep sigh. "Here we are," said I to my wife, affecting to be gay. Heaven knows, however, that all my uneasiness was confined to the single point of my return; far was I from thinking that my personal safety was at all in danger.

We arrived in a few minutes at Polan-

gen, a small town where the custom-house is established. At the head of this department was M. Sellin, a polite and humane man, formerly lieutenant-colonel of a regiment quartered at Narva. He had resided at no great distance from my wife's patrimonial estate. When I last left Russia we had embraced on this same spot, and my wife and I were happy to find we were on the point of meeting him here again.

I alighted from my carriage, and Sellin appeared on the flight of steps before his door. I approached and embraced him, but he returned my salute with an air of gravity. I asked him if he did not recollect me; he made no reply, and strove afterwards to appear cordial.

My wife now alighted, and the evident embarrassment of Sellin made her shudder. He received her however with politeness, and handed her into the house.

Weyrauch the comedian, who had accompanied us from Memel, was likewise admitted without difficulty.

My wife assumed the easy gaiety of behaviour which takes place between old acquaintances; Sellin answered in an awkward manner, and at length, turning towards me, said, "Where is your passport?—In the hands of the Cossack officer." He was silent, and the concern he felt was visible in his countenance. The passport soon appeared; Sellin perused it, and then asked if I was the President de Kotzebue. The question on his part was singular. "Doubtless," I replied, I am that person. "In that case," continued he, (but he instantly stopped short, and I observed that his countenance was pale and his lips quivering,) then addressing himself to my wife; "be not alarmed, Madam," said he; "but I have orders to arrest your husband." The

unhappy woman gave a loud shriek, her knees tottered, she flew to me, threw herself about my neck and began to load herself with the most bitter reproaches. My children could not understand what was going forward, and I myself was petrified, but the sight of my wife who was falling into a swoon restored my presence of mind; I took her into my arms and placed her in a chair; I then strove all in my power to console her and she recovered; then attending to what related to myself, I turned instanly towards Sellin: "Tell me," said I, "what your orders imply, and above all, keep nothing from me." "I am commanded to seize your papers and to send them, together with yourself, to the Governor of Mittau.—What will happen to me there?—Your papers will be examined, and the Governor will receive further instructions upon the

business.—Nothing more?—Nothing—And my family may accompany me?—Certainly." "Well, then," said I to my dear and excellent wife, "we may make ourselves perfectly easy. We are going to Mittau, such was our original intention. We shall have to stay there a day perhaps, and that will be all. My papers are in order and can be liable to no suspicion; this arrest is nothing more than mere precaution, a measure of prudence which may be overlooked in a monarch during the revolutions which at this time convulse the world. The Emperor does not know me, he knows only that I am an author; many writers have been led astray by the system of liberty which now agitates Europe; his Majesty suspects me to be one of that number, and in truth I would rather he should frankly declare his suspicions than keep them to himself. He will now

learn what sort of a person I am, and his knowledge of me will turn to my advantage; I shall perhaps gain his confidence."

In this manner I expressed myself as I pressed my still trembling wife to my heart. Heaven knows that I spoke what I felt; for, convinced as I was of my guiltlessness, what had I to dread?—My wife soon came to herself. She had imagined we were instantly to be separated, that I should be ill-treated, thrown into a common cart; but when she saw that no violence was used, and that we were to continue our journey together, she ceased to be so much alarmed.

My baggage had been searched, my port-folio and other papers seized; nothing now remained unexamined but my person. I was obliged to turn my pockets inside out, and to lay upon the table every scrap of paper, and every

bill of travelling-expences I had about me. I was provoked at this, and could not disguise my feelings. It is my duty, said Sellin, in a low and half choaked voice; I was not angry with him, for it was evident that he was acting an involuntary and painful part.

He now requested us to take out of our trunks whatever things we might want on the road from Polangen to Mittau, for his orders obliged him to seal up our baggage. I had a small box, containing such things as were of daily use, as tobacco, razors, medicines, &c. Having begged that this box might go unsealed, he had the goodness to indulge me in my wish, but was desirous to examine it more closely. As the bottom was thick, he asked me if the box contained a vacant space for the purpose of concealing papers. "No," I replied. I had bought it at Vienna, and had

never examined its construction; but here it seems people understand better the art of discovering secrets. Sellin touched a spring which discovered a second bottom, and that bottom was found empty. "You see," said I with a smile, "the little use which I had for a false bottom; I possessed the box without being aware of this contrivance." He was himself so well convinced of this, that he told the officer, in the Russian language, that he was satisfied of my ignorance of it.

The inquisition was now over, but we had to wait for a long attestation, which was drawing up at the chancery. Our children had nothing to eat; for so eagerly had we driven on to our ruin, that, although a dinner was ready at the last post-house, we had refused to partake of it. I asked for some refreshment for them; as for ourselves, it

will be easily supposed we did not stand in need of any. Sellin immediately ordered such provisions as were at hand to be set before them.

But notwithstanding the politeness of Sellin on the occasions already mentioned, he refused to grant me a request which I conceived to be a very reasonable one. I had left my aged mother in a bad state of health, and had reason to fear that, on her hearing what had happened to me, her apprehensions would prove fatal. I begged leave to write a few lines to her, which Sellin himself might have read and sealed up. He was, however, deaf to all my entreaties; but I am sure that this refusal, which occasioned me so much affliction, was equally painful to this humane man, who made it in spite of his own feelings.

He afforded me indeed some consolation by assuring me that I might

write from Mittau. I then turned to Weyrauch, who had been present during the whole scene, and grasping his hand, entreated him not to mention a word at Memel of what had happened, lest some newspaper-writer should make it public. This he promised me in the most solemn manner.

But what shews clearly that the worthy Sellin was not master of himself in the execution of this painful duty, was, that Weyrauch, whom he had not noticed, had been allowed to be present. I was a prisoner of state, the order for my arrest was to be kept a profound secret; such instructions were inserted on the back of it, *pro secreto*. In this case, the officer who receives it is obliged, under the highest responsibility, to impart the contents to no one; and much less is he allowed to execute the warrant in the presence of

witnesses. I am perfectly convinced that the great embarrassment he was under was the sole cause of the inadvertency of which he had been guilty.

My business was now finished, my trunks sealed up, and the horses put to. The cradle of my youngest child, which had been fixed behind the carriage, now gave place to one of the servants, whose seat forward was to be occupied by a Cossack who escorted us. My portfolio was likewise sealed, and replaced in the pocket of the coach, and the keys were returned to me. I refused, however, to take them, reflecting that the string of the seals might break and create new grounds for suspicion. I therefore insisted on their being also sealed up.

Sellin having executed his painful task resumed his accustomed manner of behaviour, and urged every thing he could that might tend to console us.

In all probability I shall never see him again, but should the narrative of my sorrowful adventures, which I am now writing, be one day published, let him read therein the gratitude of a heart deeply affected with a sense of his kindness, and which will ever continue to cherish his name and his image.

We got into our carriage, and henceforth had the exhibition of a Cossack, armed with his sabre and pistols, seated directly before us. My children were much amused at this, but my wife shed tears, and as for myself, I continued to preserve my usual composure of mind. I even tried to calm her, by affecting a gaiety of disposition. The sight of the Cossack, had it not been for his arms, had nothing formidable in it. He was a tall well-built man, very civil and very officious; every time we got out of the carriage he politely took off his cap.

Seated in a kibick* behind was a captain, a Pole by birth, whose name I do not recollect. He spoke a little German, had been, during the revolution, aid-de-camp to General Mirbach, and since that time in close confinement at Mittau for a whole year. He had I know not what employment in the custom-house, and he appeared to be as ill calculated for this disagreeable commission as the worthy Sellin himself. We were during the journey upon a very civil footing together. He was not of the least inconvenience to me, and I should have intirely forgotten that he was present, had not my purse obliged me, in this expensive part of Courland, to recollect him; the expence of post-horses and provisions being entirely at my charge.

The distance from Polangen to Mittau

* A Russian cart.

is computed at thirty-six German miles. We were three days upon the road, and all the time kept up our spirits tolerably well.

My wife, indeed, seemed to be quite recovered: we had nothing further to apprehend than a delay at Mittau, which would however prove disagreeable, on account of the high price of provisions there, and because we had already informed our friends in Livonia of the day we expected to arrive. In fact, what had we to fear? I had already been in the service of Russia, and was provided with a testimonial that I had acquitted myself with probity and honour. I had been for three years, with the Emperor's leave, in the service of Austria: and as dramatic writer to that court had fulfilled every duty incumbent on a good subject. On leaving Vienna I had returned to the duchy of

Weimar, without passing through any country at war either with Austria or Russia; what then could I have to dread? It seemed highly probable that all suspicion was confined to my papers; and what did these harmless papers contain? This the reader will now see, and he may from thence judge how little cause I had to be alarmed.

The papers contained the following articles:

A certificate of the government of Revel, of my services during fifteen years.

The copy of an *ukas* of the senate, which granted my resignation with advancement.

The order of the court of Vienna relative to my resignation as manager of the theatre, and the continuance of my office as dramatic writer to the court, with a salary of one thousand florins a year.

A certificate from the theatre.

A letter written by Count Colloredo, minister to the Emperor of Germany, on the subject of an omission in the above mentioned order, in which no specification had been inserted relative to the continuance of my salary for life. On that article I had enquired whether, in case I should live to grow old and become unable to write for the theatre, I should receive a pension; and the answer was to my satisfaction.

A note from count Saurau, the Emperor of Germany's superintendant of the secret police, with another from M. de Schilling, aulic counsellor and member of the college. When I quitted Vienna, not satisfied with the honourablet estimony I had obtained relative to the administration of my office, I conceived it would be prudent, in the present circumstances, to obtain an instru-

ment certifying further, that during my residence in that capital I had conducted myself as became a good citizen, and that I had never given any cause for suspicion relative to my political opinions. With this view I had made application to Count de Saurau, intimating that although such a precaution might appear to be extraordinary, yet it was no less true that we lived in an extraordinary age. He had the goodness to make me easy on that head by furnishing me with the note and letter in question, and he closed the interview by assuring me, that should the least doubt arise relative to my way of thinking, justice should certainly be done me.

A leave of absence from the theatre of Vienna, limited to the term of four months, for my journey to Russia, with a clause requiring my return to Germany in the month of October, stating that

the business in which I had embarked would not admit of my remaining any longer at so great a distance.

M. de Krudener's letter which has been already mentioned.

A sealed letter, from the reigning Dutchess of Weimar to the grand Dutchess Elizabeth.

A letter and a book from M. Bertuch, counsellor of legation at Weimar for M. Storch, aulic counsellor at Petersburg.

A letter and a book from M. Bottiger, counsellor of the upper Consistory at Weimar for—* *I forgot the direction.*

Two bonds for 10000 roubles.

A draft of thirty-two ducats for some manuscripts, payable at Dantzig in August.

Four short copies of verses in honour

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* For Mr. Kohlor, aulic counsellor at Petersburg.

of my wife's birth-day, which happened the day after my arrest. After having passed over the sandy plains of Prussia for several days together along the banks of the Curisch Haff, and having been obliged to wait a whole day for horses at Neiden, I stole away from my family at the latter place to a sandy hillock, where, seated under a pine-tree, I wrote some lines for my children and myself, which we were to present to their mother, on the subject of that happy day, which however did not prove so happy as we had reason to expect. The stanza made for myself shews, that I already entertained a gloomy presentiment of the destiny that awaited me.

" Would heav'n, propitious to my pray'r,
" In thy dear converse let me share
" That best of bliss, domestic peace,
" Till life and all its wishes cease,—
" I'd fondly call thy distant home
" My future prison and my tomb!"

From these lines it is likewise evident, that my most painful apprehension was already that of not being able to leave Livonia, which, on account of the interruption of literary intercourse, might have turned out greatly to my prejudice.

A Swiss song, copied in pencil with my own hand; a kind of rondeau on the tree of liberty which had been cut down. I need only cite the last lines, in which, like the foregoing, the tree itself is addressed.

"And may at last thy useful timber be
"A gibbet for the whole directory!"*

Remarks on the extraordinary posts of Prussia.

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* The good natured reader will spare the translator the task of versifying the rest of this trash, which is however inserted at full length in a note in the original manuscript.

A collection of receipts obtained from a chemist at Konigsberg.

Several loose sheets containing plans of dramatic compositions, sketches of poems, and such things, but nothing that related in any respect to politics.

A couple of sheets of letter press, being part of an almanack with which M. Rhode of Berlin charged me for M. Gerber, the secretary, at Revel; a matter of no consequence whatever.

The beginning of an Opera.

A journal of the state of my health for some years past.

The Gotha almanack for every country, in which I had written some remarks on my travels.

A seal cut in stone, inclosed in a letter from one of my friends, who had given it me for the purpose of having it engraved. The seal was nothing more than a coat of arms which had been lately

sent from the herald's office of Petersburg, consequently not at all liable to suspicion.

A Weimar almanack interleaved. I had imitated the idea of Franklin's, which, if I am not mistaken, had been published in the Berlin journal. This great man had scrupulously examined, and made a kind of table of all his failings, with a firm resolution by degrees to amend them. Devoting every evening to this plan of self-examination, he became wiser and better, till at length he acquired an entire control over his passions. At whatever distance I remained from my model, I had at least endeavoured to execute his wise and good intentions, and I can declare with truth, that the expedient was attended with considerable success. I can even recommend this method from my own experience to every man who has

his, moral improvement at heart. He will insensibly feel a kind of terror on examining his almanack; he will dread to find the leaves too full of self-reproaches, and often, very often will check the passion ready to obtain the mastery over him, on the recollection that at night it will be necessary to put down the particulars faithfully on the paper.

All my dramatic pieces, not yet published; Octavia, Bayard, Jane of Montfaucon, Gustavus Vasa, The Prudent Woman in the Forest, The Desire to Shine, The Preceptors (a translation of my wife's) The Abbé de l'Epée, The Reward of Virtue, The two Klingsbergs, The Prisoner, The New Century, the Devil's Villa. Not a scene in any of these pieces could render me liable to the smallest suspicion on the score of politics or morality. I brought them

with me to sell them to the theatre at Riga, as I had done on former occasions; some of them had been translated at Weimar by the Chevalier du Veau, and I intended to have offered those versions to the manager of the French play-house at Petersburgh.

Lastly, a large folio volume, the depository of all my concerns, my letters, and my little secrets for five years past. Of this book I must beg leave to speak a little at large, as it is alone sufficient to assert my innocence. He who has turned over the leaves of it, knows me perhaps better than I know myself. All my civil relations, all I wrote, thought or acted; all my projects are inserted therein; it contains as follows:—

An account of my expences and income; the latter always noted with *pro*, with *quare*, with *quid*, and with *quando*.

A journal kept at Vienna relative to

the theatre, and some further particulars of trifling import.

An annual list of all the letters I had written or received, specifying to whom, and from whom, with their respective dates. The rough copy of letters of consequence.

In this and the preceding article may be seen in an instant what persons I had corresponded with for five years past, as well as the subject of each letter, and I am convinced that not one suspected name will be found therein, nor a line of equivocal acceptation.

A journal of remarkable, though petty occurrences, which entirely related to my domestic way of life: the birth of a child, or the first cutting of its teeth; the planting of a linden on my wife's birth-day; a sickness in the family, a day spent in an agreeable spot, the visit of a friend;—things of such nature

formed the whole contents of the journal, which, however destitute of merit it may seem in the eye of another, proves at least beyond all dispute, that I felt no small delight in passing my time at home, and in the bosom of my family.

Notes relative to my garden at Friedenthal, of what I had myself sown, planted, and gathered therein.

A catalogue of my literary labours during each successive year.

Projects of literary undertakings :— these two last articles prove in the most convincing manner, that I never meddled in politics, nor ever had any inclination to do so.

A list of the books I had read to my wife, with some other particulars of no importance.

I would ask the reader, if a book of this nature, belonging to an unknown person, were to fall into his hands, and

be perused by him, what idea he would entertain of the writer?

Although I had no reason to think this journal would have fallen into the hands of strangers during my life-time, yet, as the event has turned out otherwise, I conceive I have a right to appeal to its contents. Any one who is acquainted with the human heart will confess, that he who keeps such a register cannot be thought either a bad or a dangerous man.

Such were my papers, as far as my memory allows me to recollect them. If I have forgotten any, they were most assuredly of no great importance; they could not have had any influence on my fate, nor at all affected the opinion which might be entertained of my principles. The reader may therefore see the reasons which I had to be at ease, not onlyon ac-

count of my innocence itself, but the proof of that innocence, which to the most superficial observer was evident, without any exertions on my part to further my justification.

Had I wished to escape, nothing would have been more easy during the route from Polangen to Mittau. The second night we passed at the post-house; I rose early and walked out into the yard; and as my officer lay in a distant room, and my Cossack was asleep in the anti-chamber, between my two servants, nothing could have hindered me from hiring a peasant's horse and instantly making towards the frontiers, to which I was still so near. But I was far from entertaining any such design.

On the 26th of April, old style, we arrived at Mittau at two o'clock in the morning; we alighted at the same inn, and occupied the same apartment as on

our last visit, but experienced very different sensations. We took a few hours rest; and even here the Captain slept in a distant room, and I was left without any guard.

After a short and not very sound sleep, I put on my clothes and hastened with my guard to pay my respects to M. de Drieser, the Governor of Mittau. I had known this worthy man at Petersburg, he had always treated me with distinction, and I was happy that he was the person charged with the examination of my conduct. Much elated with what I imagined was about to take place, I entered his hotel with confidence. I had promised my wife to send her information of what passed: it would be, as we thought, the business of a quarter of an hour. Alas! to what illusions is the man exposed who depends on innocence alone!

When I entered the first anti-chamber, the Governor's servants observed that I could not appear before their master in a frock and turned down collar. However when I represented to them that I was a stranger, and unable to change my dress, as my other clothes were sealed up in my trunks, the keys of which were not in my possession, they made no further objection.

We waited a considerable time in the second anti-chamber, and I had full leisure to contemplate the singular tapestry with which the room was hung. The furniture consisted of a few chairs and a sofa, but the walls were covered with subjects which it might be supposed had been placed there intentionally. A wolf, I observed, was tearing a deer; a hawk pouncing upon a leveret: a bear hunting its prey; and a fox caught in a trap. But what struck me the most was

a large picture, inscribed with words of the following import: "Man tames "the lion and the tyger; he puts a bridle "into the mouth of the most unruly "horse, but he cannot bridle his own "tongue." All this was represented in a way which was very common in former times, partly by words and partly by figures. Instead of the word man, the representation of a man was introduced; a horse was drawn where the name of a horse was wanted; instead of writing the word tongue, a large one was depicted, to which a bridle was fastened. It must be allowed that these pictures were not very exhilarating; and my mind became impressed with ideas very unlike those with which it had at first been occupied.

My officer was summoned into the Governor's presence, and I remained alone. In a few minutes they both made

their appearance. The Governor received me with evident embarrassment; he however complaisantly mentioned our former acquaintance, and said, he had read my works, which though sometimes written in a very sarcastic strain, had nevertheless afforded him great pleasure.

But this was not a subject which now interested me. I assured him I considered myself extremely fortunate in being able to assert my innocence before him, and begged him to examine my papers with as much expedition as possible.

"That examination, (he replied) does "not concern me. I have orders mere-"ly to forward them to Peterſburg, "and you are to accompany them with-"out delay."

At first I was distressed at this answer; but soon recovering myself, I observed,

that having never lived separately from my wife, I hoped she would be allowed to go with me. At first I thought he would have acquiesced in my desire, but upon some remark made to him by a secretary, he gave me a positive denial. I then told him, I could not answer that my wife would not come and solicit his consent herself upon her knees. "Spare me such a scene," replied he, "I am likewise a husband and "a father; I feel all the distress of your "situation, but I am not able to remedy "it. I must execute my orders in the "most exact manner: set off for Peters-"burg, justify your conduct there, "and in a fortnight you may embrace "your family again. Your wife shall "remain here; make yourself easy, "every thing shall be done for her that "humanity and my own good wishes "can suggest."

On saying this he conducted me to his chamber, and left me for a moment, to give orders which unfortunately concerned me too fatally.

There was a young lady of a sweet and interesting countenance in the room, who appeared to be the Governor's daughter. She was employed at her needle. On my entrance she saluted me kindly, did not speak, but sometimes raised her eyes from her work and fixed them upon me. I thought I could perceive more compassion than curiosity in these soft looks, and I frequently heard a sigh escape her. It will easily be conceived that the interest she took in my situation, did not contribute to allay my apprehensions. The Governor soon returned. "Things are no longer in "Russia as they used to be," said he; "justice is now administered in the "most scrupulous manner."

" I have great reason then to be easy," replied I. He expressed much surprise that I had voluntarily returned, and above all, that I had brought my family with me. Indeed a man who travels with bad designs, does not take with him his wife, three children, an elderly governess, and two servants: I, therefore, who did so, must have been conscious of my own innocence, and easy in the confidence I reposed in the safe conduct granted by his Majesty.

A person in the uniform of the civil administration of Peterſburg was now introduced. " Here," said the Governor, " is the Aulic Counsellor Schstschekati-" chin, who will accompany you on " your journey; make yourself perfect-" ly easy, Sir, you are in good hands."

" Does he underſtand German or " French?"

" Neither the one nor the other."

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for "I have forgotten my Russian."

The Governor then presented me to him, and I explained myself in his native tongue as well as I was able, making use of gesticulation when at a loss for words. I took M. Schstschekatichin by the hand, and pressing it closely, craved his benevolence, which was answered by a friendly grimace.

Before I proceed, it will be necessary to sketch the portrait of this man. Aulic Counsellor Schstschekatichin, (may I be allowed to write this barbarous name here for the laft time, and to call him henceforth merely by his title?) the Counsellor, I say, was a very swarthy man, almost black, about forty years of age, having very much the look of a satyr. Whenever he would assume an affable mien, two oblique wrinkles divided his face to the

very corner of his eyes, and imparted to his whole countenance the expression of disdain. From the stiffness of his carriage, it was evident that he had been in the army, and from certain deficiencies of common decorum, that he was an uneducated man, and had never frequented good company. For instance, he rarely made use of a pocket handkerchief; he drank out of the bottle, though a glass stood before him, and commited many other acts of similar indecency. To the grossest ignorance he joined every outward sign of excessive devotion. He had not the least idea of the causes of the common phenomena of nature; and such a stranger was he to literature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Voltaire, Shakespeare, or Kant, had never reached his ear. He had no desire to learn any thing; but by way of amends he could make the sign of the cross upon his fore-

head and breast with uncommon dexterity. Every time he awoke, every time he espied a church at a distance, the point of a steeple, or the image of a saint; every time he ate or drank, (which was very often) every time it thundered or when we passed by a church-yard, my Counsellor took off his hat and crossed himself in every direction. He did not, however, treat all churches alike; if they were constructed of wood, he paid them but little attention; but if they were built of stone, his respect considerably increased, and it became much more profound at the sight of a town with large domes and lofty steeples. This was, perhaps, to express his thanks to God that he had been enabled to bring his victim so far on his way. I do not, however, recollect that I ever saw him pray, either with his lips or eyes, but of signs of the cross,

he was extremely laviſh Though he had very little reason for it, yet he entertained a very high opinion of himself. He would never listen to any kind of explanation, nor admit any sort of reasoning, let the subject of conversation be ever so important. He always persisted in his own opinion, ornamenting his countenance at the same time with the two deep wrinkles already mentioned. If a man may be called beneficent for throwing farthings, right or wrong, out of the window, our Counsellor was of that description. No beggar solicited in vain; and although he perceived his purse to grow lighter, that was no reason with him for withholding his bounty. From the hurry he was always in to get rid of his small coin, it appeared that he considered this almsgiving in detail as a moſt sacred duty. Not unfrequently would he throw a

copek* out of the carriage, after we had passed a beggar; and it was indifferent to him whether the poor wretch had any eyes or not; whether he was maimed or lame, able or unable to see and pick up the money. He was devoid of all moral feeling; innocence and guilt were the same to him. I shall unfortunately have but too many occasions to finish his picture; at present this sketch must suffice.

Such was the worthy man into whose hands I was intrusted. I must confess, that at first I was much astonished that so benevolent a character as M. de Drieser should have made choice of this Counsellor, but I can have nothing more to say on that head, as I have learnt that the Emperor himself, when he wrote to the Minister to grant

* A Ruſſian coin about the value of a halfpenny.

me a passport to enter unmolested into Russia, had at the same time given orders, that a Counsellor of the court and a Courier from the senate, should be dispatched to meet and take me into custody. As it was the end of January when I had requested the passport, and as I did not set off, as I have already stated, before the 10th of April following, my Counsellor had been waiting for me from the end of March till my arrival, which was nearly seven weeks. He often complained to me of the money he had spent and the *ennui* he had felt during this period. The first part of his complaint I was ready enough to credit, but how is it possible that a man like him should be liable to *ennui*? I thought, and I still think, that fools, for one reason, are as free from that malady, as wise men are for another. Having been informed that he was sent

by the Emperor, I have nothing more to say, but that, doubtless, he was not known to his Majesty; for that monarch was a well-informed man, and had he been aware what sort of person the Counsellor was, he would, on more than one account, have selected another.

"Endeavour to accommodate yourself with a convenient carriage," said the Governor, "for you must set off immediately." I begged a respite till the next day, not having closed my eyes for three nights, and having besides been one month on the road, and in fact so much agitated for the last three days, that I stood in need of twenty-four hours rest; but my prayer was not to be granted. The Governor asked me to dine with him; but this invitation I declined, on which I was accompanied to the inn by one of his secretaries. This young man, whose name was Weitbrecht, in spite of

the forbidding coldness of his countenance, seemed to partake in my distress. He condoled with me, and assured me that the Governor, with the best inclinations in the world, could not have done more for me: "For," said he, shrugging up his shoulders, "we are at present nothing more than machines." I was struck with this expression, which I afterwards heard repeatedly from others, and I have since thought that those who made use of it, did but little justice to the Emperor. In fact, how is it possible to conceive, that a man could wish to be served by mere machines? What confidence could he have in a creature that degraded himself so far as to become one?

I returned to my chamber, where my dear wife had been passing a painful hour; she flew to meet me, and the utmost disquietude was visible in her

countenance. I strove to calm her, and with all the discretion I was master of, hinted that I must go to Petersburg, and without her. This information I communicated with all the consolations and hopes of a favourable issue, which in that trying moment I was able to offer. The Secretary added, that the business would scarcely take up a fortnight. Our attempts to console the unhappy woman were of no avail; she strove to suppress her emotions, and threw herself on the bed in the most violent agony of mind. She determined at all events to follow me, and leave our children here; to bear me company at least as far as my house at Friedenthal, thirty German miles from Petersburg; this favour however was refused her. It will appear in the sequel, that such measures were of necessity adopted, as no report relative to her had yet been

made at Petersburg, no order had been received to molest her person.

It was expedient, I find, to make enquiry, whether a free-woman, and of noble birth, could be allowed to return home to visit her relations, and during the time necessary for the arrival of an answer (about a fortnight) she was thus to remain in a place where she had no acquaintance, at an inn remarkable for its extravagant charges, torn from her husband, and herself a solitary prey to grief. It was not, however, doubted but that the answer would allow her to proceed wherever she pleased.

Ah, why have I yet to finish the picture of the heart-rending scene which preceded my departure! My disconsolate wife had sunk from my arms upon her bed, when she fell into a state of insensibility. My daughter Emma, a child of five years old, came every mo-

ment, and threw her little arms around my neck; my second, ignorant of what was going forward, began to cry, solely because her mother no longer noticed her; my youngest, an infant of eleven months, smiled unconcerned in the arms of its nurse, a happy stranger to the horrors of the scene. My servants ran confusedly about the room, and knew not what they were doing; all was embarrassment and dismay.

The Counsellor arrived, the Courier placed himself in a corner, the Secretary ordered the seals which had been put on my baggage to be broken, and every thing it contained was examined with great care. As for myself, though absorbed in the horrors of my situation, I now and then broke out into violent exclamations, arising from the heavy oppression under which I laboured. Paying but little attention to what was going on,

I threw myself by the side of my wife; I pressed her in my arms, strove to console her, bade her be calm, and have proper confidence in the justice of the Emperor, and in my innocence—"We have," continued I, "enjoyed many happy moments together, let us bear with courage a moment of affliction; it will be of short duration; the Governor tells me, that having once justified myself (which will take place in a fortnight) I shall again be restored to my family. Shew me, my dearest life, that you are not a woman of ordinary stamp; tears are unavailing; courage and resolution alone can serve us: Move heaven and earth, if you will, to save your husband—such is the part, my love, you have to act, a part that well becomes a tender and faithful wife."

I mentioned to my wife some people at Petersburg to whom she might write;

and not being allowed to inform my mother of what had befallen me, I begged she would take that task upon herself, and impart the melancholy news with all suitable preparation, though Mr. Weitbrecht had already undertaken the same office.*

My affectionate discourse was not lost upon her; she grew calm, arose, saluted the Counsellor, gave him her hand, and begged him, with tears in her eyes, to take care of my health upon the way; for she had been told neither of my servants would be allowed to attend me. O that a thousand witnesses had beheld that charming woman in this agonizing moment! What grace in her entreaties! What loveliness in her sorrow! Precious tears! Ye would have softened the most flinty heart!—the Counsellor only

* He never performed his promise.

smiled. His nasal wrinkles played their accustomed part, and he promised her to pay due attention to what she requested. The Secretary then asked me if I had much gold about me. I had a hundred Frederic d'ors, about fifty ducats, and two hundred dollars in silver. He urged me to change this money for Russian notes. This appeared a very extraordinary measure, for I did not want that sum to carry me to Petersburg, and when arrived there, I should find friends; besides, I expected to go to Friedenthal, where, should I want any, I had money at command. My wife, on the contrary, had no resource where she was obliged to remain, and I therefore wished to leave the whole with her. The Secretary, however, still urged me in so extraordinary a manner to follow his advice, that I at last yielded in part. He had even the goodness to

take upon himself the trouble of transacting this business, and he changed my gold at a very fair price, considering the urgency of my situation.

Not being able to take any of our trunks with us, I made use of an old portmanteau belonging to one of my servants, in which my wife's chamber-maid packed a change of linen sufficient for several weeks. With the same earnestness which the Secretary had used to engage me to change my money, the Courier now recommended the maid to add considerably to the stock. She thought this quite superfluous, and paid no attention to his advice. Unable to succeed in this point, he urged me to take a bed with me; I was equally deaf to his entreaties; he then desisted, and shrugged up his shoulders to express his pity.

When I now coolly reflect on these

various circumstances, I am unable to conceive how it happened, that not the slightest suspicion arose in my mind that I was doomed to take a longer journey. I was in fact so bewildered with my situation, that I had no longer any clear conception of things. As for the money, I imagined it might so happen that I should not see my friends at Petersburg, but with regard to the advice about the linen, I could not comprehend what it could mean, my distracted thoughts being wholly engrossed by my wife and my dear children. I was incessantly running from one to the other; I took them all successively in my arms, I consoled, I caressed them; I mingled my tears with theirs.

The Courier's eyes were wet; the scene before him had touched his heart. I cast a friendly look at him, which he returned in like manner. "Are you

married? said I.—He made a sign in the affirmative—and I have three children—then you understand me." He sighed and shook his head. As this man has had so much influence on my fate,* I beg leave to draw his portrait.

Alexander Schulkins was about thirty years of age; a man without the least ray of cultivation, a sort of brute, but of a good kind. He had a Calmuck countenance, a round face, a turned-up nose, high cheek-bones, black hair, large chest and shoulders. On his left side he wore the escutcheon of a senate-courier, and round his waist was strapped a pocket to hold dispatches. His great delight was eating and drinking; he was not very choice in his food; he ate and drank every thing that came in his way; and from the manner in which

* I have been mistaken in that point.

he acquitted himself, it was evident that this was his principal business. When he took his soup, he threw his head back, introduced the spoon up to the handle into his mouth, and in this manner poured the contents down his throat, without allowing his palate to taste of it. During this time he looked towards the ceiling, and compressed his short forehead into a thousand little horizontal wrinkles, which set every hair in his head in motion. In like manner he devoured his meat; not chewing, but merely swallowing it down. Whenever I left a bone on my plate, he would instantly lay hold of it and gnaw it like a dog. A glass of brandy must have been uncommonly large, if he did not dispatch it at one single draught, and always in the manner his food went down, which, as I have already observed, was directly into his throat. He could drink

a great quantity of spirits without being at all intoxicated, and all mixtures were alike to him; tea, coffee, brandy and punch; upon all of which, taken in the space of a quarter of an hour, I have seen him throw down two chopins of quass.* In short, he could eat and drink, and sleep at will, and at all hours of the day or night. I may add, that the Aulic Counsellor was his equal in the exercise of these fine talents, and was but little inferior to him in his taste for ſtrong liquors.

But rude as he was, Alexander Schulkins had the advantage of the other in a moral point of view. He often betrayed a sensibility of disposition which excited the moſt violent emotions; not durable,

* An acid drink not unlike small beer, but of a more nourishing quality. It is made by pouring hot water upon a quantity of barley, and left to ſoment in the heat of a stove.

indeed, but very sudden. He had some little knowledge, but the Counsellor had none at all. I recollect one day, that seeing a cuckoo, he observed, that that bird always laid its eggs in the nest of another, and left the owner the care of hatching them. The Counsellor began to laugh; when Alexander asked me if the circumstance was not true? I replied it was; when the Counsellor called forth his nasal wrinkles, and cast a look of pity on us both. What I have to say further relative to Alexander will be seen in the sequel. I shall only add, in order to make his office better known to the reader, that the Senate of Petersburg has eighty such men at command, ready to carry orders to the most distant parts of the world. They are, I believe, subaltern officers; their dress resembles that of a postman, except the badge, which, though somewhat like

that of the latter, bears a different inscription.

Let us now return to my sufferings. A carriage was to be bought; several were exposed in the yard. This purchase was a great favour, though my own money was to pay for it. Commonly, when people are arrested, they are thrown, without any regard to age or rank, into a kibick, or some other vehicle still more inconvenient, and hurried on through all kinds of weather. I cannot deny but that in general I was treated with some kind of indulgence; but for this no thanks are due to my Counsellor; I owe it to superior orders, for my hard-hearted keeper was utterly incapable of deviating a single step from the line of conduct that had been marked out for him.

Persuaded that I was going no farther than Petersburg, I purchased a half-covered carriage, in other respects very

convenient; not heavy, and hung upon springs, but fit only for a short journey, for this I paid five hundred roubles.

My wife, who observed that I was treated with indulgence, became more composed. She asked the Counsellor if I might be allowed to write to her on my route, and was answered, both by him and the Secretary, in the affirmative.

At length, towards the hour of seven, every thing being ready, I bade adieu to my afflicted family. How did my heart beat at this cruel moment! My hands trembled, my knees tottered, my eye-sight failed me; even at the present day I cannot recollect this separation without painful emotions. The reader will allow me to pause in this melancholy narrative. Neither my wife nor myself could weep; the source of our tears were dried up, and our hearts were wrung with in-

expressible anguish. I kissed my children, I blessed them; their mother threw her arms about my neck, and fainted as she received my embrace.

The Secretary, who hitherto appeared unconcerned, and had had recourse to common-place motives of consolation, could no longer refrain from shedding tears. Ah! if the kind-hearted Emperor (for such I know him to be) had been present, with what promptitude would he have put an end to this scene of affliction.

My wife, who could no longer return my caresses, continued to moan in a low and inarticulate voice; her eyes were closed: I imprinted a kiss on her lips, as if it were the last, and immediately tore myself away. My servants led me to the carriage and took leave of me, deeply afflicted. A crowd of spectators, assembled under the gate-way, had been

dispersed, and the carriage was drawn up there to avoid notice. I mounted with trembling steps, and was instantly driven away.

Thus was an unoffending man torn from his family; a peaceful citizen arrested, furnished as he was with an Imperial passport, and without knowing why. No—it is impossible that the Emperor, the humane Emperor (for such in truth he is) could be at all privy to this transaction. It was not his order—Some perfidious wretch, unknown to him, has certainly abused his name. It is now the ninth week since I have been able to learn whether my wife and children are alive or dead; my destiny perhaps is fixed, and I shall hear of them no more!—My wife, from whom, during so many years, I have never been separated but twice, and that but for a week or two; my dear wife and I are

now torn asunder, perhaps for ever!— We are passing these tedious and mournful days almost without hope. O God! will she survive this? Has she survived it?

It is but a year ago, and I still recollect it with sorrow, that I went to drink the waters of Pyrmont. My wife had just borne me a boy; and she was not sufficiently recovered to accompany me. It was my intention to stay there three weeks, the shortest time specified for taking the waters with effect. Ten days however had scarcely elapsed ere her absence became insupportable, and I immediately haftened back to her. Yet now nine weeks are elapsed since I saw her: who knows if in nine years, nay, if ever, I shall see her again. One ray of hope still gleams before me. I feel some feeble consolation; if I am deluded,

my despair will be equal to my misery. I can however meet death.

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.

The man who has studied himself, who is at all acquainted with the human heart, will believe me when I declare, that in proportion as the carriage drove on, I found my spirits rise, and my heart recover its force. I began to look into the future. What did it present? New enquiries—the examination of my papers, my conduct, my peaceable way of life. I had to deal with a just monarch who would not condemn me unheard. What then could happen to me? Some slight inconveniences, the natural consequence of my imperfect knowledge of the Russian language; but, thought I to myself, I shall have an interpreter: I may for a while be deprived of a few comforts, and must alter my usual habitudes a little. These things are un-

pleasant; but surely, they are not very great misfortunes. And, though I may be visited by the return of a chronic disorder, which has tormented me for twelve years past, yet there are good physicians at Petersburg; why then should I think myself unhappy? It is no doubt a disagreeable incident, but then it is only momentary. I am about to visit friends I was voluntarily seeking; some extra expence will be incurred; but that is merely the sacrifice of a little money, the least painful of all sacrifices. I was besides fully persuaded that the Governor of Mittau would take the greatest care of my family. He had promised me that every thing should be done for them that humanity and his own good wishes could suggest.*

* It will hereafter appear, that my hopes unhappily were not realized.

Riga is not more than seven short German miles from Mittau, yet we did not arrive there till midnight. It was dark when we approached the banks of the Duna, which laves the walls of that hospitable city, and as the floating bridge had not been restored on account of the great floods, we were obliged to croſs the river in a common boat, which considerably retarded our journey.

When we arrived at the gate, our Courier alighted and went into the guard-house, where he staid a considerable time; but this circumstance gave me no concern. At length he appeared, and ordered that we ſhould drive to the poſt-house, not through the city, properly so called, but in a circuitous manner, through several long and crooked streets. We were delayed but a short time; fresh horses were quickly put to the carriage, and we proceeded.

I must here remark that the post-order *(podsroschne)* allowed three horses in the name of the Emperor, and that the post-masters frequently put four. The fourth horse was sometimes paid for, and sometimes not. In the first case, they had the post-order in their favour, and the extra horse was at my expence.

We left Riga about two o'clock in the morning. The air was extremely cold, exhausted nature called for repose, and letting down the windows I fell asleep. At the next post I awoke; I merely observed it was day-light, and again closed my eyes.

What language can describe my astonishment and terror, when on awaking a short time after, I perceived that the route had been changed. With difficulty was I so much master of myself as to suppress a scream of horror, just ready to escape me. A kind of instinct however prompted me to remain silent. I

am unable to describe what passed in my mind: Whither are they taking me? Where are my papers to be examined? Who is to examine them? In a word, what are they going to do with me?—All these queries rushed upon my mind at once; they distracted my brain, but remained totally unsolved. Could I indeed conceive it possible that I was to be thus dragged to the world's end, without having been either heard or examined?

Being arrived at the post-house, I asked for some coffee, more with a view of gaining time than from a want of refreshment. While it was preparing I walked about the room in much agitation of mind; the Counsellor stood near the carriage conversing with the postmaster; the Courier kept looking at him from the window, till he was sure he was not observed by him: then addressing me, according to the Russian custom, "Fe-

" dor Carlovitsch," said he, " we are " not going to Petersburg, we are go- " ing much farther." " Where?" said I, in a broken voice. " To Tobolsk, my " dear Sir." " To Tobolsk!"—At this word my knees shook under me, and a tremor seized my whole frame. " Can you " read Russian?" added he (still keeping his eyes on the Counsellor) : " A little," replied I. " Look at the post-order :" I read, " *By command of his Imperial Ma-* " *jesty, &c. from Mittau to Tobolsk, Au-* " *lic Counsellor Schstschekatichin, and a* " *person with him, accompanied by a Se-* " *nate-courier, on affairs relative to the* " *Crown, &c.*" Let the reader, if he is able, imagine my sensations at this dreadful discovery. I was completely thunderstruck.

" I would have told you this at Mittau," said the Courier ; " but we were " too closely observed ; I have been ex-

Siberia: In Siberia!—Ah how shall I ever be able to justify myself there? Will my complaints reach the shores of the Baltic? And should they indeed find their way thither, on what shall I ground my justification, when I am even ignorant of what I am accused? Let me then make my escape! This idea took deep root in my mind, and soon became a fixed resolution.

On the brow of a hill on the banks of the Duna, and near the post-house, stands an ancient castle, which belonged to a Livonian Prince, who, after having for a while defended himself against a host of Christians, received baptism with all his subjects. The picturesque appearance of the ruins inspired me with the idea of seeking a shelter among them, even at the hazard of perishing with hunger. With this idea was combined a favourable recollection. I remembered

that the estate, which was called Kokenhusen, belonged to a Baron de Löwenstern, with whom I had become acquainted in Saxony. He had the reputation of being a worthy man. I knew him to be so, and in case of need, it occurred to me that I might surrender myself up to him.

We were now arrived at the post-house; the master and his family seemed to be good sort of people. While the Counsellor was at a little distance, and the horses were changing, I inquired, in German, "to whom this estate belonged?—To Baron de Löwenstern, was the reply.—Where does he live?—Just below—pointing to his house, at a small distance.—Is he at home?—No, he is now fourteen verstes off, at Stockmannshof, with his brother-in-law.—And his family likewise? (I knew his lady, one of the best women

in the world, and his children, who were worthy of such parents.)—Yes, replied they.—Is Stockmannshof in our way?—You will pass through it.—Is Dopart far off?—Six German miles." It was not possible to make further enquiries; the horses were put to, and we hurried away.

An accident happened on the road which afforded me no small satisfaction. One of our horses became restive, and suddenly stood still. The postillion used every effort to make him move, without effect; in spite of hollowing and beating, the animal remained immoveable. My companions now began to swear, and bestowed on the whole Livonian nation the grossest abuse. Every expedient being at length exhausted, our Courier gave vent to his ill-humour in beating the postillion. The latter dismounted, and declared he would not go

on if he was to be treated in that manner. This declaration was very natural, but it threw the Counsellor into a violent rage; he alighted, and making up to the first tree, cut off a thick branch, and seizing the postillion by the throat, threw him on the ground, and began to beat him without mercy. He then ordered him to take the reins again, if he did not wish for a repetition of the discipline which he had just received. But while he was getting into the carriage, and the Courier was engaged in helping him up, the postillion, who had a very good pair of legs, was quickly at a hundred paces from us. In vain the Courier strove to overtake him; the man had already gained too much ground, and his pursuer was obliged to return. We were now left on the high road, with a restive horse, and without a driver. In this sad perplexity, what was to be done?

To return seemed best, and we immediately set about doing so; but we moved on at a slow rate, for the Courier, who had taken the reins, did not know how to drive. He kept going from right to left, and from left to right, and this cost the Livonian nation, who had nothing to do in the business, another volley of curses and infamous exclamations.

When I say curses, I am not quite correct; I should not use the plural number; the Russians have but one curse, which, it must be allowed, is worth all the rest. They wish, for instance, that the mother of the man against whom they are enraged, may have the devil for her paramour; and they express this in a manner so explicit, that those who are averse to doubtful meanings, must be perfectly satisfied with it. I do not exaggerate when I declare, that, during this single day, our people had recourse to

this vile ribaldry more than a thousand times. The expression is indeed as common among the ill-bred Russians, as damning a thing is in the mouth of an Englishman, or as the word Monsieur was, in former times, in that of a Frenchman.

On our return to Kokenhusen, the Counsellor made many bitter complaints against the postillion, without saying a word about the beating which he had given him. "You must have used him ill," said the post-master, "for he is a steady lad." The fact was positively denied; the post-master looked at me, and I answered in favour of the injured post-boy by an inclination of my head.

It is well known, that in a coarse mind the consciousness of having been in the wrong creates emotions of anger. Our Counsellor finding himself in this position, poured forth a volley of the

most indecent abuse, which he accompanied with threats. But as the post-master had no legal remedy, except that of making his complaint in the usual way, without being able to retard the departure of the Courier, he gave us a fresh horse; but a fresh postillion was not so easily to be found. This circumstance took up a considerable time, which, as far as it concerned me, was by no means disagreeable.

During all this time I remained alone in the carriage. The post-master's brother came up to me, and in a manner that seemed very particular, said, "Your "name, Sir, is not inserted in the body "of the post-order." I was quite at a loss what answer to make. I have since indeed learnt, that the name not being inserted therein, the post-master was not obliged to furnish horses. Had I known this sooner, I should have urged

him to have availed himself of his right. What could our Counsellor have done? He must have waited here till he could have provided himself with horses from Riga. The Governor of Riga being totally ignorant of this, would have written to Mittau, which must have taken up considerable time; and in this instance at least, much advantage might have been gained by procrastination. I should by this means have had time to prepare for my flight; but in the state of ignorance in which I now remained, I was unable to avail myself of this desirable expedient; and accordingly after dinner, we set out in the usual manner.

During the whole journey, I continued to take a mental survey of the country, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Stockmannshof. The Duna ran on my right, and on my left I remarked a chain of hills covered with wood. At

six o'clock we arrived at the frontier post.*

In a little time, said I to myself, my destiny will be fixed. Beyond Livonia I shall find no friends, no acquaintance, not a soul that can speak the same language as myself: now then is the time to make my escape. With this view I declared, though it was far from being late, that I was unable to go on any farther, and that I must absolutely stop to obtain a little rest. This displeased our Counsellor; he would fain have persuaded me to continue the journey; he however thought fit to stop, and this complaisance must certainly be attributed to his orders, which enjoined him not to weary me to death.

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* The frontiers of Livonia, and the province of Witpsk.

It was accordingly arranged that we should pass the night at this place. The post-house had a very miserable appearance, the room we were in being full of hogs and poultry, and in other respects extremely disgusting. I urged with great vehemence our going farther to an inn which I had perceived, and which being built of stone, promised to afford better accommodations; but the truth was, that the post-house was ill-adapted for the execution of my project.

This inn, to which we drove, was kept by an Israelite, and belonged to the village of Stockmannshof. It stood on the high road, which alone separated it from the Duna. At a few paces from hence the woody hills, in which I had placed all my hopes, began to rise. The Courier set about preparing supper. He boasted of his culinary talents, and had killed a fowl, of which he promised to

make an excellent mess of broth. I appeared to be much delighted at these preparations, and in the mean time strolled about the door with the Counsellor. I examined the banks of the river, and the rafts of timber which were floating down the stream. I took a silent survey of the country, returned to my chamber and examined the window, which was fastened only by a slight string. I observed with delight that it favoured my purpose, and that it might be opened and shut without any noise.

The Counsellor accidentally left some writing paper on the table: I had the precaution to conceal a sheet of it, in the notion that it might hereafter prove extremely useful to me.

At nine o'clock the Courier brought in supper, which consisted of a strong soup, a smoke-dried sausage, and some

Dantzic spirits. The two last articles my wife's chamber-maid had put into the carriage without my knowledge.

In order to compliment the talents of the cook, I tasted a few spoonfuls of soup, and I even assumed a gaiety of behaviour that was far from appearing unnatural. The mind, in the present instance, was however more obedient than the body, for in spite of all my attempts, I could not swallow a morsel, and I pretended extreme lassitude in excuse for my want of appetite.

I now rose from table to retire to rest. My companion would have persuaded me to occupy the bed, the only one in the house; but as it stood in a distant corner of the room, I observed that as it seemed very dirty, I preferred some clean hay, which I caused to be laid on the ground not far from the win-

dow. My night-gown was spread over this; I wrapped myself up in my cloke, and was about to throw myself down, dressed as I was, upon this rustic bed, when the Courier came to me to pull off my boots. Fortunately he placed them near me. I laid myself down and apparently fell asleep.

My fellow-travellers remained at the table till they had nothing more to eat or drink, and then went to rest. The Counsellor stretched himself upon a bench which was separated from me only by the table. Above it was the window through which I hoped to escape. The Courier slept in the carriage, which stood close to the same window.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock; the night was dark, though the moon was at the full. The Counsellor was fast asleep. This was the favourable mo-

ment; but unluckily our Jews were celebrating the eve of their Sabbath in the most noisy manner. They kept continually running through the chamber; at one time came the host, at another his wife, and then the children. This unpleasant noise often roused the Counsellor from his slumbers, and made him rave and swear most angrily. I joined my prayers to his imprecations; but all in vain! for these orgies continued till two o'clock in the morning, at which hour the Israelites retired to rest, and all became quiet.

Availing myself of the profound silence which now reigned throughout the whole house, I entered upon my enterprize. In the first place I crawled on my knees, and gently untied the string of the window; this I happily effected without the least noise or difficulty. I heard the Courier snore, and

was enchanted at the sound. I then began to feel for my boots, and taking hold of them, together with my cloke, I got upon the table in the most cautious manner, scarcely allowing myself to breathe, and always pausing when I heard the Counsellor stir. Thus far all went on perfectly well; but I now met with great embarrassment. The window was high, my foot could not reach the ground, nor was there any thing against the wall on which I might have stepped.

What was to be done? Should I drop down at once? This could not be accomplished without having two hands to hang by, and my left hand was full. To have thrown my things into the street would have made some noise, and if the Counsellor should awake before I could follow them, all my projects were at an end. This was, howe-

ver, my only resource, and I had no time to lose. I first let down my cloke very softly; it served to receive my boots, which instantly followed, without any noise or accident. It was now my turn to descend. I hung upon my elbows, one of my feet touched the carriage, and the other the ground, and thus I cleared my way.

Having effected my escape, it was necessary to provide against immediate discovery. The Courier continued snoring in a manner that promised a long sleep, but the cold that would come in at the window might awaken the Counsellor, who would instantly discover my flight. To prevent such an accident, I drew the window as closely as I was able, and then turning the corner of the house, I put on my cloke and boots.

I first wandered thro' a swampy meadow, which lay behind the inn, but I

soon got into the high road. My plan was to hasten to Kokenhusen, and throw myself upon the post-master's mercy. The hope I placed in this man and his family, was partly founded on their physiognomy, and partly on the unpleasant affair of the preceding day, which I thought they would be inclined to resent: and I was also of opinion, that they might not be insensible to the charms of a large sum of money, which would have been much at their service for their assistance.

Should the man be disinclined to harbour me in his house, or should he not have room for me, I then intended to have concealed myself among the ruins of Kokenhusen, and to make an agreement with him to supply me with food. I also intended, through his means, to inform Baron de Löwenstern of my flight, who would send such information to

my wife, and she would make known my situation to my friends. In short I had formed a plan which appeared very practicable; but I have reasons for not entering into further detail at present.*

A single circumstance completely frustrated my plan: It was necessary that I ſhould arrive during the night at Kokenhusen, to avoid being overtaken by the Counsellor, and the Jews' Sabbath had too much retarded my operations. It was full three o'clock, and five hours were hardly sufficient for so long a walk. It might happen that the Counsellor would get up early and overtake me; and besides, I dreaded appearing by day-light at Kokenhusen, where it was very natural to suppose inquiry would

* These reasons no longer influence me, and I shall renew the subject in another part of this narrative.

speedily be made, not only by my companions, but by others, in consequence of the general alarm they would spread. I therefore determined to proceed as long as I was favoured by the night, and to conceal myself in the woods the moment day began to appear.

Every thing being thus considered and arranged, I followed the highway, still walking through the adjacent meadows whenever I found a path near the road. At length I perceived by the light of the moon, a house which the day before I had taken for a military pavilion. In Livonia we often meet with such buildings; they serve to lodge the officers whose regiments are stationed in the environs; and when the guests are gone, the houses are shut up. I had observed the preceding day, that the doors and window-shutters were closed, that

the centry-box was empty, and I concluded it was not inhabited.

Under this conviction, as it lay at some distance from the high road, I resolved to pass by it.

"Who goes there?" cried a centinel. A question so unexpected startled me; but I had the presence of mind to make the usual reply.

"What road are you taking?——"Whither are you going?" "To Stockmannshof."—"But the road lies there." "I did not perceive it."

I was going on, but "Halt!" "Hush, "friend," said I; "I am coming from "Stockmannshof: I have been paying "a visit to a Jew girl yonder; let me "get back snugly, and take no notice of "having seen me at all." To this request I added the offer of some money. The man murmured a little, but let me pass on.

This accident rendered me timid; I

feared others of the same kind, and kept entirely along the high road. Had I been observed here, at least there would have been nothing extraordinary in it, and besides I found it was better walking than through the meadows.

Another adventure now befel me. After having travelled a few verstes, I heard the alarm beat at a considerable distance behind me. This custom requires some explanation.

In the Russian villages, and other places very remote from towns, a plank is suspended between two pieces of wood. Whenever the servants are to be called to their meals or their work; or when the hour of the day is to be made known, this board is struck with a heavy mallet, and the sound is heard at a very great distance. I was much alarmed. It is very early, said I to myself; the servants are no where accustomed to break-

fast so soon; it cannot be the hour that is struck, for this is not the manner of doing it, the strokes fall too fast. Alas! I perceive what it is: The Counsellor has discovered my escape; he has alarmed the inn, or spoken with the centinel, who has certainly betrayed me; he is therefore pursuing me, and raising the country in his progress.*

The noise at last becoming very suspicious, I was induced to quit the public road, and immediately rushed into a close copse. From time to time I fell into a glade, which I hastily ran across, and again took shelter among the trees. The wood now began to grow thicker. I saw a hill before me, which seemed to promise a favourable retreat, and I made towards it by the nearest way,

* Whether my conjectures were right, I have not since learnt having never spoken of this affair.

which led me over some marshy ground, and the farther I proceeded, the more I became entangled in the swamps. Being up to my knees in very stiff clay, I began to reflect on what was to be done, and feeling myself quite worn out with fatigue, I remained motionless in the midst of the bog. Daylight was near at hand; but of what use would it be to me? The underwood was thick; I was surrounded by young pine trees, and I could not see ten steps before me. What should I do? Return? No: death itself appeared less dreadful than the necessity of being driven to that resolution. At length I recovered a little from my fatigue, and exerting all my strength, after an hour's painful walk, arrived at the hill. This hill, however, did not afford what it promised at a distance: I quitted it, and continued to make the best use of my legs.

Rambling from hill to hill, I found several paths which led to some ill-cultivated grounds in the woods. These I endeavoured to avoid with extreme caution, but I often fell into them, and was consequently led so much astray, that at night I should not have been able to have regained the high road, had I not been guided by the sound of the waters of the Duna, which seemed always to be within hearing. In fine, after all these windings, after having rejected twenty different spots as improper to remain in, I observed a clump of firs extremely thick and gloomy. In the midst of this grove two lofty birch trees rose from the same stem, and joined in a friendly manner their spreading branches: they reminded me of my tender union at home, and afforded me a happy presage. I gave the preference to this spot, half persuaded that under the shelter of these trees no harm could happen to me.

It was then only seven o'clock, and I could not think of quitting my retreat before ten: I therefore had time enough to arrange the plan of my future proceedings. I began to scrape the dirt from my boots, and should have dried myself completely, had the weather been warmer and the spot less damp. I wrapped myself up in my cloke, and sat down at the foot of the birch trees. The surrounding firs formed a thick inclosure, beyond which, at the distance of thirty steps, was a swampy fence-wood, terminated by a bare and barren hill. I could perceive through the branches every thing that passed over the hill or through the copse; and on my right hand and left, as well as behind me, the woods bounded the horizon.

Stockmannshof, said I to myself, is not far distant: It is the residence of his Majesty's Chamberlain, M. de Beyer, the father of Madame de Löwenstern;

I have heard him well spoken of; he is a man of a noble turn of mind, and most assuredly his daughter must likewise possess many excellent qualities, having been educated by such parents, and having had the advantage of their excellent example always before her. I was perfuaded at that time that I might safely depend on him; but I soon after entertained a very different opinion.—His seat, continued I, is near the high road; the Counsellor, perhaps, may have been there, and given orders to every one in the village to detain me. How should I be able to speak to M. de Beyer without making my way through his whole train of lacqueys, who might have heard of my flight, and would prevent the kind assistance of their master; who being a man above the temptation of any reward, would be solely actuated by his own feelings in affording me as-

sistance: My first plan, thought I, is therefore preferable; I will go to Kokenhusen; should the Counsellor have got the start of me, and spread the alarm there, the people I am going to will only laugh at his perplexities, and assist me for the sake of satisfying their own revenge. Should he even give them money, I will double the sum; it is well, however, to take this day to consider all possible contingencies.

After thus counselling with myself, I drew the sheet of paper from my pocket and cut it into several slips; then taking out my pencil, I began to write with wet fingers, a billet to M. de Beyer, one to Baron de Löwenstern, a third to my wife, with some other notes of no consequence. While I was thus employed a storm arose: I was well aware, that during its continuance it was dangerous to remain under the trees: I felt no in-

clination, however, to leave this shelter, and even wished the thunderbolt to fall on my head. I have always considered this kind of death as the most desirable, and I should now have received as a blessing the stroke that would so easily have terminated all my misfortunes: But I wished for dissolution in vain; the storm exhausted itself in a violent shower of hail, which quickly changed into rain, and I was drenched from head to foot.

This shower, however disagreeable in itself, was in another point of view extremely favourable. I had suffered thirst to such a degree, that my tongue was parched: The trees now glistened with large drops of water; I applied my lips to every fir apple I could reach, and at this moment I felt the whole force of that picture contained in the Gospel, of the rich man in torments, begging in vain for a drop of water to cool his

parched tongue! When I had exhausted all that were at hand, I went further in quest of others; but I was constantly under the necessity of proceeding cautiously, lest in snatching too eagerly at the tempting bough, the drops of rain should fall on the ground before I could reach them. By degrees I grew more dexterous; but an uninvited guest soon came to rob me of my frugal beverage: the meridian sun evaporated every drop.

I heard a carriage pass along a road which I conceived to be the highway. I imagined it to be my own, which the Counsellor might have taken in order to pursue me at his ease. This was the only sound made by a human being that had yet disturbed my solitude. At noon, however, it was disturbed in a manner that filled me with inexpressible terror. I observed a peasant on horseback, trotting in various directions across the plain.

He traversed the meadows, rode up the hill, galloped down again, surveyed the bushes and rode in among them. At last, seeming not to know which way to take, he made directly towards my hiding-place. Happily the friendly clump that afforded me a refuge, concealed me; the man turned off, and I saw him no more. I had already remarked that no road ran near this spot, and I naturally concluded the peasant to be one who was sent in search of me.

Half an hour afterwards, a cart appeared on the same spot, and merely crossed it: In both cases I laid myself flat on the ground.

I perceived in the afternoon that the forest which laid behind me did not extend so far as I had at first thought, and I observed several carriages pass near me in front. I likewise heard three or four peasant girls singing, and playing

together at no great distance: they did not seem to be of the number of the peasants sent out in quest of me, whence I supposed it was the road to some village that lay in the neighbourhood.

About five o'clock I experienced an alarm which greatly surpassed all that I had hitherto felt. I heard the cry of a pack of hounds, and the voice of the huntsman who was leading them on.—The story of Joseph Pignata, who after his escape from the prison of the Inquisition was hunted by blood-hounds, rushed into my mind. I knew, indeed, that in Lavonia it was not the custom to hunt men; but the animal that was pursued might take towards the spot where I was concealed, and the dogs in following the scent, would of course penetrate my retreat; and it is well known to every sportsman, that when they come within view of a human creature, they

alter their cry. In such a predicament I must unavoidably be discovered by the huntsman. At one time they were within two hundred paces of my hiding-place. In this perplexity I wrapped myself closely up in my cloke, and yielded entirely to chance. The hunt by degrees took another direction, and the dogs soon ran out of sight in pursuit of their game.

I am not at present able to say with certainty, whether this was merely a common hunt, or a pack of hounds led out in pursuit of me; but I have reason to believe that I was actually the object of their chase, the hunting season being over. On the other hand, it is well known that the shepherds dogs follow the scent in the spring, and make great havock among the game.

In addition to the terrors arising from real dangers, I had likewise to contend

the woods or on the highway. What a useless thing is money! I had more than seven hundred roubles about me, yet I was unable to procure a morsel of bread. Nor was this all; sleep had long been a stranger to my eyes; for the short slumber that stole upon me in the carriage could not be called repose.

When it grew darker, a woodcock flew over my head. Its hoarse and brawling cry renewed the sensations of my pastimes in happier days. It had been a favourite sport with me when I resided in Livonia, to pass the fine evenings in the spring in pursuit of this bird of passage, which, it is well known, is very scarce in Germany. At the recollection of this spot, a thousand other ideas arose in my mind with tormenting officiousness. I sent a heavy sigh after the bird: it was its hour of quitting the wood, and it warned me likewise to leave it.

Being desirous to take a short rout in order to regain the highway, I traversed one of those roads which are made in forests for the purpose of drawing away the fallen timber. Just as I arrived there some boors were driving their empty carts along at full trot. Not being able to make my retreat, I had instantly recourse to my usual expedient. I lay flat on the ground, trusting myself wholly to chance. The thicket where I was concealed was very bare; I had nevertheless the good fortune not to be perceived. Scarcely were they gone, when I continued my route in the direction I had at first taken. I quickly observed, however, that instead of coming to the end of the wood, I was travelling farther into it, and the noise which I had taken for the waters of the Duna, was nothing but the effect of the wind upon the trees, which was heard everywhere round.—

What was now to be done? Return to the marshes? Could I return in the dark? Hunger, thirst, cold and fatigue would have reduced me to my last gasp, and my body left to the mercy of the wolves, would become their prey. I then determined to seek for the cart-road I had observed, and although the task was extremely difficult, in a quarter of an hour I discovered it.

I walked fast along this road, but I began to think that it led me too much on one side. Of this I was certain, when coming into the highway, I read on the finger-post * that I was still within three verstes of the spot where I had left my travelling companions.

I had yet nearly three German miles

* All over Russia posts are erected, which from verste to verste indicate the distance of the adjacent towns.

to walk before I could reach Kokenhusen; a dreadful distance for a man in my situation. I first approached the Duna, and scooped some water in the brim of my hat to slake the burning thirst under which I laboured, and I quickly felt the bad effects of this in a violent fit of the cholic. My throat likewise was so much parched and swelled, that I could scarcely swallow. Hoping, however, that exercise would mitigate my pain, I began to proceed forwards, though the road was still frequented by passengers. At one time I was obliged to slip suddenly behind a hedge to screen myself from an unlucky rencounter; at another to take a circuitous way to avoid a noisy public house. Sometimes a watch-dog would bark at a distance, and I was under the necessity of evading his pursuit as quickly as possible; for should he not be satisfied with

merely barking or howling at me, I had nothing to defend myself with, except a small pair of scissars. At length I thought to avoid all these accidents by stealing along the banks of the Duna, but I found the river full of rafts, with fires burning and men walking backwards and forwards upon them. It was then expedient to change my course, sometimes following the river, at others crossing the underwood, or regaining the high road, as occasion served. It was by straggling along in this manner that I at last arrived at Stockmannshof, at eleven o'clock at night.

The castle inhabited by Chamberlain de Beyer is situated on a hill; a garden rising in terraces extends to the public road, and is terminated by an iron gate.

I observed several lights still burning in the castle, but they began gradually to disappear, and shortly none were vi-

sible, except in the lower story. I put my finger upon the latch of the gate and found it was not locked. I then began to reflect on what was to be done. I could not reach Kokenhusen, for I already staggered like a man in liquor, and was too much exhausted to walk any further. My colic too still continued to torment me, and my throat became more parched than ever. I entered the garden therefore, determined to proceed to the house: a figure in white stood at some little distance before me. How fortunate, said I to myself, should this prove to be a female! Women are compassionate creatures; ever ready to pity and sooth distress of every description: I will approach her. I proceeded, and discovered that it was merely a statue of Neptune placed in the centre of a small pond.

I was now as much embarrassed as ever, and the reflections I had made in the wood came again into my mind; I hastily left this spot and continued my route. My mind supported my body for a considerable time; but having proceeded about half a verste, the wants of the latter prevailed. Worn out with hunger, fatigue and pain, I sunk down upon the sand, a victim of the most gloomy despair. I am compelled to confess, that at this moment the idea of suicide, for the first time in my life, suggested itself, and if, instead of the small pair of scissars, I had then possesed a dagger I commonly travel with, I should certainly have used it to put an end to my existence. Happily, however, I had left it at Mittau with my wife; for as I imagined that I was only going to Petersburg, I did not like to have it about me. This weapon, which I only

carried for the purpose of defence, in case of being attacked by a malicious dog, in any of my accustomed walks might have had a suspicious appearance there. It was out of precaution, therefore, that I left it with my wife, and I shall ever bless that act of prudence: "For a wise man," says Seneca, "ought "not to hasten the day of his death, "however strongly he may be impel- "led: he should retire, and not run "away."

How often does our fate depend on trifles! If I had taken the bread which lay on the table with me, the morning of my escape from the inn, that alone would have supported nature, and I could have persevered in my plan. I had now only two expedients to adopt; either to remain at Stockmannshof, or return to the woods and remain there till next evening. The latter seemed by

no means adviseable, as my strength could not hold out during another day without nourishment. I determined, therefore, upon going back to the castle, and accordingly, after resting myself a little, I returned to the garden gate.

The lights in the lower story remained as before. I crossed the garden and came to a second gate, which opened to a passage between the house and the terraces. I passed through it, for it was unlocked, and I found myself within three paces of the steps of the castle. I ascended them, a light shone through the window, and I perceived three young chambermaids making their beds. I stretched forth my hand several times to tap at the window, and as often drew it back; but overcome by the urgency of my situation, I at length knocked.

One of the young women came out with a light in her hand, and asked me

what I wanted. I intreated her in a hoarse voice to give me a morsel of bread. She looked at me with great surprize; she was a handsome girl, and her countenance bespoke much goodness of heart; but my visage, and indeed my whole appearance caused her to pause a little at my request. "It is too late," said she, "our master is gone to bed, "and so are the servants." "Pity me, "my lovely girl," I rejoined, "I have "eat nothing the whole day; for hea- "ven's sake pity me." "My God!" said she, "in the forest, and during "such weather! How happened this?" She still kept looking at me from head to foot, and drew back a little. I guessed her thoughts: "Do not be afraid, "my dear pretty young woman; I am "no thief, nor even a common beggar; "(I then shewed her my purse, and my "gold watch-chain.) I have money

" enough, but my case is much to be
" pitied. My dear girl, I beg you'll tell
" me, if I can speak a word with the
" chamberlain."

" The chamberlain is asleep."

" Where is M. de Löwenstern ?"

" He is at Kokenhusen, and returns
" to-morrow."

" And Madame de Löwenstern and
" the children ?"

" They are above."

" And Mademoiselle de Plater ?"

" She is with them."

This Mademoiselle de Plater was a young and very amiable person, a friend of the family, whom I had seen in Saxony. " Cannot you awake her ?"

" I dare not."

As I pressed her with great earnestness, she at length advised me to go to the Secretary's apartment, and wait there till morning. During this conver-

sation, I had drawn her by degrees into her own room, and the urgency of my situation having overcome all thought of ceremony, I firmly declared that I would not stir from thence, but was determined to throw myself upon the sofa before me. This declaration embarrassed the young woman very much.

Heaven knows how this scene would have ended, had not the Chamberlain and his lady, who slept near at hand, been awakened by the noise which we made. Madame de Bayer rung for her maid; I gave her the billet I had scrawled in the wood, and entreated her to deliver it to her master, and then, trembling with anxiety for the result, I threw myself on the sofa.

The girl returned; she requested me to wait a little; that I should soon have some refreshment, and that her master was himself coming to me. I then re-

mained a few moments alone; moments not to be measured by the common mode of calculating time!

The Chamberlain arrived: He was a man advanced in years, and kindness was imprinted on his countenance. He appeared to be under some embarrassment; but at this moment how great was my own. I spoke with hesitation, and expressed myself in the most incoherent manner; but my note had given him sufficient information. He begged I would make myself perfectly easy, that I would first think about taking some nourishment, and that he would then see what could be done for me. Madame de Bayer now appeared. I recognized the features of her amiable daughter, and took courage. I related in a few words my extraordinary adventures. She appeared affected, but I could still perceive, that neither she nor the

Chamberlain were satisfied that I was perfectly innocent. And how, indeed, could intelligent people like them, habituated to the regular order of the laws, believe that such official proceedings could have taken place without very serious reasons?

In the mean time several dishes were set before me. After a slight refreshment I touched upon the essential object of my visit, and solicited protection and succour. I begged the Chamberlain would conceal me at one of his country seats. At this proposal I could perceive that M. de Bayer struggled with his feelings, and that the contest was about to terminate in my favour. Hope already sparkled in the eyes of his lady, when a man entered the room, of whom, even at this moment, I cannot think without an involuntary emotion of aversion and disgust.

"Sir," said the Chamberlain, "you here see a good friend of mine, M. Prostenius,* of Riga." We saluted each other: he pretended to have seen me before; but I had not the least recollection of his person. He was a well-looking man, of a pleasing and insinuating countenance, and his deportment was extremely polite. He was one of that description of people, who can say ungracious and even rude things with the same tone of voice, and with as much ease as usually accompany the communication of the most agreeable intelligence. From him I learnt, that the Counsellor had been at the castle, that he had dined there, had betrayed great uneasiness of mind, alarmed the whole village, and had dispatched people to pursue me; and that, after taking these

* That was not his name, as I have since learnt; but why name him at all?

measures, he had set off for Riga, at which place he probably still remained. M. Prostenius took upon himself to assert, that my plan was impracticable, even before he had heard the whole of it; adding, that it would expose them all to danger, and that it was impossible to serve me. "But you have gained time," continued he, "by your flight; you will be conducted to Riga; the Governor, who is a stranger to the business, must report your conduct; and before any answer can arrive, some changes may take place." I replied, "that from the manner in which I had been already treated, I could not expect any thing in my favour." The Chamberlain, who had been prevented from speaking by M. Prostenius, and whose opinions the latter had in a great measure influenced, now told me, by way of consolation, that I might write from hence to the Empe-

ror. "May I," exclaimed I.—"Certainly; and I will send the letter through the hands of General de Rehbinder, who at this moment is *commandant* at Petersburg."

I thanked him for all his goodness. The amiable Prostenius would fain have made a reply for him; he remained however silent.

M. Prostenius was now pleased to ask me, "Why I feared a journey to Tobolsk?"

I eyed him, and smiled: "Why do I fear it?"—"Yes:" said he, "many worthy people are sent thither. You will never be in want of good company."—"My company, Sir, is my family."

"In what manner are you taken there?—I have a Senate-courier and an Aulic-counsellor with me."

"And no guards—no soldiers?"

"No; no guards."

"Well, then, what can be more honourable?" And as he did not perceive that I was at all elated with these marks of honour, he added: "Come, come, Sir, you must submit with a good grace; you are a philosopher."

"I am a husband and a father," said I. The little man then simpered: a tear glistened in the eye of Madame de Bayer. The Chamberlain observed that the hour was very late: "Retire to rest," said he, "and gain strength to set off to-morrow for Riga."

I know not why this expected journey to Riga gave me no pain. Was it because it brought me nearer to my wife and children? For, in fact, it was the same thing whether I fell into the hands of the Counsellor at Riga, or any where else.

"In the *common*," continued the Chamberlain, "you will find a bed; go and

take some rest." In this country they give that name to a pavilion detached from the house, which is occupied by the preceptor, the secretary, and others of that class; and it is likewise furnished with beds for the reception of strangers.

As I was leaving the castle to go to the *common*, five or six peasants suddenly appeared, and accompanied me thither. I imagined mere curiosity had brought them together, not conceiving that the influence of M. Prostenius could have induced a worthy gentleman to have converted an apartment, hitherto sacred to hospitality, into a state prison.

On entering the room I found several people in bed, some of whom were asleep. I took no notice of them; but I observed the people on the outside were closing the shutters. This, as I supposed, was a common custom; but, as I do not like to be thus enclosed when

I sleep, I begged that they might be left open. My request was not listened to: perhaps they were determined that I should not make a second escape.

Shall I here declare my sentiments? I affirm, upon my honour, that no idea of another flight entered my head. I likewise declare, in the same solemn manner, that had I been in M. de Bayer's place, and, like him, performing the duties of a good subject, I should not have carried my precautions so far. Admitting that the Counsellor could have referred to superior orders, which obliged every one to secure my person wherever I should be found, (which I doubt having been the case,* as he had only a post-billet about him, in which my name was not inserted) it would have been sufficient to have placed two centinels upon

* He had shewn a sufficient authority.

me; one at the door, and another at the window. Had I even succeeded in eluding or bribing my guards, M. de Bayer would not have been any way responsible; he could not have been required to be provided with chains and bolts for the purpose of securing state prisoners. Ah! Prostenius, Prostenius! most assuredly this was thy work; thou wouldst fain have made my chamber as gloomy as was thy merciless heart. The extreme fatigue under which I laboured soon threw me into a slumber, which, though broken, lasted at intervals till five o'clock.

When I awoke, my first care was to write to the Emperor. I dressed myself and sat down to a table, on which I found all that was necessary for that purpose, and I penned, with great rapidity, what my heart, my innocence, and my indignation dictated. Breakfast was

brought in; my fellow-lodgers had already risen unobserved by me. Having finished my letter to the Emperor, I wrote another to Count de Pahlen, the Emperor's favourite, a third to Count de Cobenzel, and a fourth to my dear wife. I had begun a fifth, when the gentle M. Prostenius came into the room, and in a soft tone of voice informed me, that the measures suggested the preceding night could not be put in practice, as the Counsellor himself had just made his appearance at the castle.

"I am then to be given up," said I. He answered with a shrug of his shoulders, "What can be done? Even the letter to the Emperor cannot now be sent to General de Rehbinder; when M. de Bayer shall have reflected on this, he will be convinced it is impracticable.—"He promised me without solicitation, and repeated that promise several times."

"He would bring himself into trouble; and therefore that letter must be sent to the Governor of Riga."

"And the others!"

"That to your lady must likewise pass through his hands. As to the rest, I would advise you to leave them where they are." On saying this, he took up the letters I had written to the Emperor and my wife. What became of them I am still unable to say. I suppose they have been delivered; but such is the servile fear which now takes possession of the heart of every man in office, that I should not be at all surprised to find they were suppressed.* Perhaps their suppression may prove a fortunate circumstance; and the hard-hearted M. Prostenius may have done me a service.

* It will be seen in the sequel in what a noble manner the Governor of Riga acted on this occasion.

The letter to the Emperor was written with too much vehemence. I insisted much on my rights; on the imperial passport; and on my innocence. The perusal of it must have rendered the Emperor dissatisfied with himself, and all his displeasure would have fallen upon me. Besides, he would have heard of my escape, which he must have considered as rebellion against his commands, and as an act highly deserving of punishment. Part of my letter ran thus:

"The Governor of Courland informed me, in the name of your Majesty, "that I was going to Petersburg, yet I "discovered that a certain person was "conducting me to Siberia: I did not "know this person, and he shewed me "no order on the part of your Majesty. "Which of the two am I to believe? "the Governor or this man?"

In a word, the affair was intricate and obscure, and my application could certainly have produced no good effect; it would rather have exasperated the Emperor, and I have more than once wished that I had never written the letter. It was the same with regard to the lines I intended for my wife: I had described my situation in the woods, and had spoken of my situation as a thing which I considered would last for life. This imprudent letter might have been of fatal consequence to her, had she received it without due preparation. Once more I thank the spruce little man; he has perhaps, without knowing it, been the means of preserving the dearest object I have in the whole world.

My letters to Count de Pahlen and Count de Cobenzel remained in my possession.

Soon after I found myself alone for a

moment with a young man who had slept in the same room with me, and in whose countenance I could read benevolence and compassion. "If, (said I to him, "you have a feeling heart, send off these letters." He hesitated, and appeared somewhat alarmed. "They are open," continued I; "peruse their harmless contents, and seal them yourself." This he promised to do as soon as the present tumult should be subsided. Has he kept his word? I know not. Have my letters produced any effect? Of that too I am ignorant, having heard nothing on the subject.*

A youth of about eighteen or twenty years of age now came into the room, and I took him for young De Löwenstern. He hastily removed all the writ-

* These circumstances will be cleared up in the sequel.

ing implements, as he said, the Counsellor was that instant approaching the room. He politely asked me if I stood in need of any thing for my journey; and I availed myself of his obliging offer so far as to request a little cream of tartar. I now beheld my charming companions again! The Counsellor saluted me with his accustomed wrinkles, but did not utter a single word of reproach. I told him, in the best manner I could, that he must pardon my conduct, as I had naturally been inclined to believe the Governor of Courland rather than him. He appeared satisfied with my apologies, and threw all the blame on the ill-timed humanity of the former. I saw him distribute a hundred roubles among the peasants who had mounted guard over me, and I took that opportunity to observe, that if he imagined those boors had taken me, he was much mis-

taken, for that I had come and surrendered myself here of my own accord. He did not condescend to make me any answer, but, heaving a deep sigh, continued to distribute the roubles. He then went out to hasten the preparation for our departure, upon which the young woman who admitted me into the castle the preceding night, came into the room, and, advancing in a timid manner, whispered one of the persons present; and when all had retired, she took the advantage of their absence to present me with a small linen purse, to which some pieces of tape were sewed. "This contains a hundred roubles, (said she) which my mistress has sent you, Sir;* you will stand in need of them, for I know your money will immediately be taken from you: fasten it quickly about your waist." She then turned away.

* I then believed it came from Madame de Bayer.

I did not rightly understand her meaning: however I concealed the purse as I had been directed; and scarcely had I done so, when the Counsellor came into the room.

Noble woman, whom my misfortunes had thus affected! I still preserve this purse unviolated; it is a sweet remembrancer of your humanity! Whenever I look at it, tears rush into my eyes. With a mingled sensation of pleasure and pain, I recollect, that in the most afflicting moment of my life, a feeling heart participated in my sorrow. Extreme indeed must be the distress that compels me to open this sacred purse. I have several times been reduced to great want since I received it, have denied myself many things that would have been of much use to me, because I never could prevail on myself to touch this hallowed store: it is a relic, the be-

nediction of a good woman accompanies it, and I do not renounce the hope of one day being able to return it into her hands, which I will bathe with tears of gratitude.

The moment of separation being arrived, young De Löwenstern brought me some cream of tartar, a bed-gown lined with fur, a cloth mantle with large sleeves, two cotton night-caps, a pair of boots, and several other things. I embraced him, and requested him to inform my wife of my situation. He solemnly promised me to do so, and the tears which ran down his cheek are my vouchers that he has kept his word. He then, with all that keen sensibility, all that candour which characterizes the early stage of life, and with all the illusive confidence which it inspires, took the Counsellor by the hand, and intreated him to take care of my health, and

to overlook my fault. The Counsellor replied with the same cold politeness which he had before shewn to my wife. The chambermaid stood at the window and wept. Prostenius had finished his task, and was no longer visible, at least I did not observe him; nor did I again see either the master or mistress of the house. We repaired to an open cart which stood before the inn, for my carriage had been left at the post-house. I was put into the cart, with all my things, exposed to the observation of the multitude, and to the pity of a few. The Counsellor placed himself at my side, the Courier behind me, and in an hour after we alighted at the inn where we had slept.

Thus terminated the unfortunate attempt to make my escape, which certainly was far from being a blameable measure, in whatever point of view it may

be considered. While I imagined I was travelling to Petersburg, to undergo an examination there, it was a duty I owed myself to submit, and had I in such case attempted to escape, my innocence would have been justly suspected. The existing state of affairs justified the Emperor in employing all possible means of precaution to prevent civil disorders, and I respect the rights of Sovereigns. As soon, however, as I was convinced that neither papers nor innocence were to be taken into consideration, but on the contrary, that the most severe treatment would precede any examination, what law, human or divine, required that I should remain a prisoner?

The corpulent mistress of the post-house felt great delight at seeing me retaken: she told the Counsellor that she expected every moment a band of soldiers she had sent for from a neighbour-

ing barrack, and advised him, in future, to be provided with guards wherever we passed the night. One of the horses that had been employed in the pursuit of me, being almost dead through fatigue, she immediately perceived it, and, venting her ill-humour upon me, loaded me with the grossest abuse. At another time I might have been offended at this, but it was now of no more consequence than the sting of a gnat to a man just taken off the rack. I answered her with a sneering smile, which threw her into a still greater passion, and I really believe that when she had exhausted all her abusive epithets, she would have gratified her anger by beating me, had not the Counsellor interposed. This noise, however, drew many people to the spot, and at least thirty gaping boors filled the room with their nauseous odour. The Counsellor drove

them all out, and desired the mistress of the house to leave him alone with me. I was rather confounded, though no longer alarmed, yet I soon began to feel that resolution, which despair is apt to inspire.

When we were alone, the Counsellor politely said to me: "You must not take it amiss, Sir, that I shall now have recourse to more severe measures." The idea of fetters instantly came into my head; and, growing quite wild with anguish, I laid hold of my scissars, with the design of putting an end to my life: but he quickly explained. I had, as has been already mentioned, a little box stored with several useful things; he requested the key of this box, in order to deposit in it the money I had about me, promising, at the same time, to supply me out of it as often as I should have occasion.

Finding this was all he required, I submitted without saying a word. I had been already accustomed to turn my pockets inside out; and whatever they now contained, keys, money, scissars, pencils, scraps of paper, and even my watch, I delivered up, with a very good grace. The Counsellor himself condescended to search my pockets with his own hands, to see if I had really given every thing up, and he then locked the box.

The open carriage was changed for my own, and we immediately departed. I shall not attempt to describe the state of my mind as we drove along. Let it suffice to observe, that I could neither eat nor sleep, and if I did not entirely lose my senses, it is solely attributable to the jolting of the vehicle. Every time we stopped to change horses, my head grew giddy; I was anxious to get on

again, and delighted when we came to a hard or uneven road, or a paved causeway. During the first two days of the route, I did not utter half a dozen words. Whenever any thing was offered to me, "No!" was my answer. With wild and fixed eyes I looked at the country before me, without seeing it. Wind or rain, heat or cold, were alike unfelt by me, and I was driven to such a state of distraction, that I could no longer get in and out of the carriage without assistance. If by chance I met with a looking-glass, the sight of my haggard countenance made me start backwards.*

* I must here relate an anecdote. At the first dinner-hour after my having been retaken, we arrived at a small town, the name of which I do not remember, but I only know it belonged to a certain Staroste de Korf, who inhabited an antique castle there. Though we did not change horses, yet we stopped in the castle-yard. He came down

The Counsellor seemed to be concerned at my situation. With him, however, it was no affair of compassion, but only the apprehension of not being able to execute his honourable commission to

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and pressed the Counsellor to stay and do him the favour to dine with him, ordered the Courier to be taken good care of, but said not a word to me, nor sent me any thing to eat or drink. He had taken care, however, that I should be well guarded, for he had ordered the gates to be shut, and a crowd of people to be stationed round my carriage, who kept staring me in the face, and sneering at my situation. In this manner I remained the object of their impertinence for a whole hour. Afterwards the Staroste re-conducted his well-replenished guests to the carriage. In spite of all this want of decency with regard to me, the extreme thirst I suffered mastered my stubborn heart; I asked for something to drink, and a glass of beer was brought me. I relate this anecdote merely because I have since heard at Riga that M. de Korf had boasted of having entertained me at his table, and of having treated me in general with the most polite attention.

its full extent, which probably would have been considered as a crime. He exerted himself to pacify me; both he and the Courier represented Tobolsk as the finest city in the universe, and the manner of living there as very gay and agreeable. The strongest recommendation of Tobolsk, in the opinion of the Courier, was the goodness and low price of provisions of all kinds. "What fish!" said he "what fish! for ten kopeks you may buy the finest *esterlets*, for which the dainty people of Petersburg would be glad to pay ten roubles; and the *ceterinos*, what *ceterinos!* Meat, bread, brandy, all to be had in the greatest plenty!" To this the Counsellor added some particulars, which to me were far more interesting. "The moment you arrive there," said he, "you will be free, perfectly free; you may run about, you may go where you please; you may

hunt, shoot, ramble over the country, and make your own acquaintances. You will be allowed to write to the Emperor, to your lady, to your friends; you may have servants, and whatever will afford you pleasure: in a word, you may live according to your fancy. At Tobolsk, too, there are balls, masquerades, and a good play-house." At the word play-house I smiled in spite of myself. I only asked him, if he could engage that my correspondence would not be stopped. He gave me his word it would not, and this assertion revived my hopes. But, said I to myself, the Emperor, who sends me to Tobolsk, might likewise chuse to send me to Irkutzk, which lies three thousand verstes beyond it. Endeavouring to guess at the real motives of my arrest, I had recollected that ten years ago, while I was printing Count Benjowsky, the late Em-

press wrote to Revel, to the Governor of that place, and charged him to ask me, without mentioning that it was her Majesty's order, what view I had had in writing that play. I naturally replied, that the history of Count Benjowsky had struck me as a fit subject for the drama; and that it had even been adopted before I attempted it by M. Vulpius. Nothing more was said on the subject; that great Princess, as it may easily be imagined, thought no more of the matter.

The Emperor, thought I, offended at the subject of this piece, is perhaps determined to inflict the same kind of punishment on me as I have described in the case of the exile: should it be so, I shall be sent to Kamtschatka, which lies six thousand verstes from Irkutzk.

The Counsellor swore by all the saints that he would allow himself to be called

the greatest rogue in the universe, if he was taking me to any other place than Tobolsk. "But," said I, "how do you know this? Your orders are sealed up; are you acquainted with their contents?" He gave me to understand that they had been transcribed by himself; "besides," added he, "such a journey would not be divided into two parts: had you been destined for Irkutzk, I should have received orders to have taken you there, as I have formerly received in the case of several exiles; but my order and my post-billet mention no other place than Tobolsk. You may make yourself perfectly easy on that head. You may well suppose that it would ill become the dignity of the Emperor to parcel out his orders for the purpose of tormenting prisoners, and procuring them new sufferings." The reader will hereafter see what confidence I ought to have placed in the Counsellor.

But what calmed my mind more than the hopes of remaining at Tobolsk, was an incident the Counsellor now related. "A year ago," said he, "I was conducting a woman this way; we had already arrived near Casan, when a courier overtook us, and presented me with an order directing me to return with her immediately. Her case had been re-examined, and other information had been received, by which she was found to have been innocent." Scarcely had the Counsellor related this anecdote, than I began to apply the adventure of the woman to my own situation.

"I, then, as well as she," said I, "may be found innocent."

"Of that," replied he, "there can be no doubt."

"And what did the woman say? What became of her?"

"She was very happy, as you may

well think; she gave me her gold watch."

This event struck my imagination very forcibly, and I cannot describe with what magic it impressed my whole soul. I had incessantly the image of this woman before my eyes, joining her hands together, and lifting them up to heaven, shedding tears of joy, and eagerly taking her watch from her side; I followed her carriage as it was returning back, felt what she must feel as she approached her home; I saw her discover her mansion, observed her children looking out at the window; saw her then drive up to the door, throw herself out of the carriage, and faint with delight in their arms. Yes, this coarse-minded man had, without being aware of it, found out the true remedy for my affliction; it was the balm that was best adapted to heal the deep wounds of my soul.

From the time I received this cheering information, I was every moment expecting the arrival of a courier. As soon as I heard the bells* sound behind us, my heart began to flutter in the most violent manner. My papers, thought I, have been examined, and I am found innocent: an order has been instantly issued, a courier on horseback has been dispatched after me, and he will render me the most happy of men. But I forgot, or strove to forget, that my papers were not taken at all into consideration in this affair. I still recurred to the idea of the kind courier pushing on his horse to overtake me; I calculated how many days my papers must be on the road, how long a time their examination would require, and I could have wished

* In Russia the post-horses wear bells about their necks.

to have slackened our pace, that the courier might the sooner overtake us.

Three days had passed since we left the castle of Stockmannshof, and I now strove to eat for the first time. Our people had devoured the Bologna sausage, and drunk all the Dantzic brandy; they had even swallowed the bread, the butter, and the cold meat which M. de Bayer had ordered to be put into the carriage. I wished for some wine and coffee; we were not able to procure either the one or the other, and I had nothing to eat but some eggs. The nights were very cold, and the day not warm, on account of a piercing wind that was continually blowing. I was desirous to lay the cloke at my feet, which had been lately given me; but the Courier had taken possession of it, and likewise had put on my boots. I forbore, however, to claim any of these

things, as my companions made use of what belonged to me without the least ceremony; and when they had once appropriated it, they considered it as a lawful prize. This conduct extended even to my purse: on the least thing being purchased for me, or any repairs being made to the carriage, I produced a note of twenty-five roubles; it was changed, and it was not common to return me the overplus; or if I ever obtained any thing back, it was only a part. The Counsellor at last grew short of money, and borrowed of me without ceremony. Taking it once into my head to refuse him, his whole manner of behaviour became so much altered, that I was forced at length to yield. I paid every expence on the road, and though I had taken nothing but bread, milk, and eggs, and sometimes a little roast veal, this journey cost me upwards of four hun-

dred roubles, without reckoning the carriage. I paid for every thing; these fellows bought brandy with my money, and never gave any thing to the poor peasants in return for the provisions which they furnished us: an extortion of which these wretched people dared not even complain.

Here I cannot refrain from praising that hospitality which prevails among the Russian peasantry, and which is still more remarkable the further we advance into the country. They are all anxious to receive strangers, and consider it a very great honour done them. They set before their guests every thing they have, and are extremely delighted to see them relish the repast. I shall never forget the uneasiness of a female villager on seeing us approach, because she had no refreshments at hand. She ran about the cottage, and exclaimed, with tears

in her eyes: "Here are three good little guests, and I have nothing to set before them:" the words, good little guests, made me smile. The peasants never demand any money in return for their hospitality; they refuse to be paid for bread, quass, and such things; and for their poultry, cream, and eggs, they are always satisfied with whatever price is offered for them. As they never receive any thing but curses from the soldiers and couriers who call on them, they take care not to acknowledge that they have any provisions in the house: I am however convinced, that a traveller would always find plenty when he accosts the Russian peasant in a civil manner. Whenever we wanted any thing out of the common way, I undertook the business alone, and promising to pay for what we ordered, we were supplied with every thing we desired; but the

manner in which soldiers and couriers usually act is extremely tyrannical. Where is the desätnick (an officer somewhat like the mayor or bailiff in Germany)?—The desätnick presents himself with all humility.—"We want such and such things."—He makes excuses, and declares he has none of them. The depredators swear in a horrid manner, and threaten to beat him: he then sets out in quest of provisions, and if he finds any, brings them; but as he is not to be paid for them, he procures the worst that are to be had. Were it not for this deeply-rooted abuse, travelling in Russia would be very agreeable; for these good and hospitable peasants, who are so easily won over, are every where to be met with. A thing of no value, a mere trifle, a piece of sugar given to their children, makes them instantly your friends. In this way I acted during

the whole journey, and I had all the mothers on my side. I gave the preference to children about the size of two of my own daughters. Often, very often, the tears came into my eyes: "You have certainly children at home, the women would say to me."—"Six," replied I, with a heavy heart, "and the youngest not a year old." Then I was sure to read that compassion in their eyes, which is so easily understood. I would then get into my carriage, and they would bless me.

But let me wave these digressions and return to my own story. On the second night great precautions were taken to prevent the possibility of an escape: guards were stationed in the house, the window-shutters were fastened, and my bed placed near the Counsellor's. The Courier slept on the floor, so that I must have passed over his body had I endeavoured to get away.

My beard was much grown; I wished to shave myself, but this was not allowed, and a barber was sent for. In vain I urged, that for a long time past I had been accustomed to perform this operation with my own hands, and that if I had any intention to destroy myself, I was at liberty to plunge headlong into the first river I came to. All this reasoning was without effect: the Counsellor, however, took advantage of what I had said concerning rivers, and whenever we came to one, he placed himself between me and the water as a means of securing my person. Silly man! the power of thy Emperor does not extend so far. We enter into this world by one road only, but there are a thousand that lead out of it, and no human authority can hinder me from breaking my fetters whenever I desire. I recollect reading in Raynal, that the negroes fre-

quently choke themselves with their tongues, which they thrust into their throats. Heaven be praised, I shall not do this! A germ of hope still exists in my breast; it may be checked a little, but still it may revive again, and produce such fruits as shall make me cherish my existence!

We now arrived at Polosk, the only considerable town we had met with since we had passed Riga. Here we merely changed horses; but while this was being done, the Counsellor went on with his task of writing down the report of his expedition. At every town he did the same, and that induced me to keep on good terms with him, and behave to him as civilly as I possibly could. I was well convinced he would not insert a word of my elopement: the fear of losing his noble confidential employment of escorting prisoners to Siberia, and of

being deprived of the pleasant spectacle of their separation from their family and friends, and the agreeable sounds of their lamentations, prevented him from relating that: but it was possible he would have written down some little details which might have proved injurious to me; and yet, in spite of all my complaisance, who knows if he has not done this? I could see, from the manner he set about this trifling task, that he was no adept at his pen. It cost him much time to get through a few lines, and it was a ludicrous sight to observe with what solemnity he would begin two or three times to scrawl over a piece of paper. Our Counsellor, therefore, was fit only for the calling he exercised, that of dragging condemned people to punishment: and in this he acquitted himself with much dexterity and intelligence, the fruit of the long expe-

rience he had had in this kind of service. He had not indeed always filled the office in so distinguished a manner as in the present case. Hitherto he had been nothing more than a mere officer in the service of the senate. He was promoted to a civil employment, and honoured with the title of Aulic counsellor in consequence of this Siberian expedition, to which he had been appointed as my conductor. I know not why it was judged necessary to appoint an escort invested with such a title. Was it done in order to avoid all appearance of soldiers and guards? Whatever was the motive, it is equally vain to guess at it: it is however certain, that he performed this duty in his capacity of Aulic counsellor, and he seemed not a little vain of the title.

The title, no doubt, very much increased the consideration with which I

was treated on the way. I was commonly taken for a person of great consequence, being thus escorted by an Aulic counsellor, while men of rank, and even general officers, had no other escort than a dragoon, and no other carriage than a kibitk: this flattering distinction, therefore, was of considerable importance to me during the whole journey.

On the road between Polosk and Smolensk, I was again attacked by violent fits of the colic; and these were accompanied by involuntary tremors, convulsions in all my limbs, and heats in my head and stomach, which threatened to produce speedy suffocation; these heats declared themselves by tension of the forehead, sparks of fire in the eyes, and a buzzing in the ears. My pulse varied every moment; I lost my appetite and could not sleep; I dreamed even when

awake, and phantoms were continually dancing before my eyes. All my ideas were incoherent and obscure: I was almost insensible to every thing round me; the remembrance of my wife and my children began to lose its charm, and the prospect of death its terrors.

I had no other medicine at hand than some neutralized salts, and the cream of tartar which had been given me at Stockmannshof. The priscriptions which I had collected for a considerable time past, and which I had obtained from some of the most celebrated physicians in Germany, such as Zimmermann, Selle, Marcard, Gall, Hufeland, &c. were sealed up with the rest of my papers; I had in vain petitioned to have them restored to me; they had been perhaps taken for cyphered letters belonging to some secret correspondence. I was therefore without succour, and experi-

enced a sort of pleasure in the idea of arriving at Smolensk, where I expected to procure some relief. In fact, I owed my preservation to those soft rays of hope which had already begun to gleam upon me.

We arrived very late. The Counsellor, who had now an antipathy to inns, had ordered the postilion to drive to the post-house; but there was no room for us; and, as I positively declared I would go no farther, he was obliged to drive to an inn. That to which we drove appeared to be a decent house: the host received us with lights in his hand, and conducted us up a large staircase into a spacious anti-chamber. I imagined, from appearances, that we had found a comfortable asylum, but when I saw our destined apartment, how was I disappointed! It was a lofty garret, the floor of which was ready to

give way under our feet, and the panes of glass in the window were broken, and all the furniture of the room was an old bedstead; there was not a single chair, much less a looking-glass; and the walls fluttered with old ragged tapestry.

I looked round, and but too well aware it was in vain to make any complaint, I asked for a little hay to fill up the empty bedstead; and, as soon as it was brought, threw myself upon it without uttering a word. The wind that came in through the broken panes blew directly upon me. I had no other covering but the bed-gown and cloak which had been given me; and the cold and the vermin banished repose.

Day-light began to appear, and I found myself in a violent fever; my eyes were swelled and inflamed. I waited with impatience till the Counsellor awaked,

in order to entreat him to procure me a physician; but the hard-hearted wretch refused my request. He was of opinion, he said, that repose would be of more service to me than any thing else, and added, that we should halt for a day where we now were. The Courier, who had but one specific cure for the ills both of the body and soul, wisely recommended me to eat and drink as much as I could.

This cruel proceding stung me to the quick. I punished my executioner, however, with contemptuous silence, and I refused to remain there. I declared, that if I must die, I would rather die in the fields, and I immediately quitted my miserable couch.

Having expressed a wish for a glass of Rhenish as we came along, the Counsellor now bought me a bottle; it cost two roubles, and was so bad, that it was ab-

solutely thrown away, as my worthy companions drank no wine; brandy alone suited their palates.

Between Smolensk and Moscow, my indisposition considerably increased. A general torpor pervaded my limbs; I scarcely felt myself alive, and grew blind to every thing that surrounded me. To have any idea of my condition at that time, the reader must conceive himself in the situation of a man, who having awaked in the midst of darkness, without any recollection of the place in which he was, would fain grope out his way, and yet has not the power to move. From time to time the image of my wife seemed to break through this gloom, but only for a moment; it was not like a flash of light, but resembled a soft ray, which reached and penetrated my eyes; and my eyes alone participated in its lustre.

When the Counsellor saw that my condition became dangerous, he began to shew some regard to it. He promised that when we arrived at Moscow, a physician should attend me. This promise made but little impression upon my mind; and during the height of my raging fever, if the idea of my wife and family had not been ever present to my imagination, I should gladly have thrown myself into the arms of death, with all that eagerness with which we embrace a friend, who has been long and ardently expected. We arrived at Moscow the 7th of May old style, and were driven through a thousand dirty and pestiferous streets, to the lodgings of Major Maximoff, the comrade and very intimate friend of our Counsellor. The Major inhabited a miserable hut, consisting of two small rooms, which his Ensign shared with him. The unex-

pected arrival of three persons rendered the dwelling still more inconvenient; the Major, however, did the honours of his house with a good grace, and strove by every means in his power to render my situation tolerable. He gave me some soup, and a dish of coffee, and compelled me to accept his own bed, which, though hard, proved a great comfort to me.

The Counsellor, imagining that I had fallen asleep, began to inform his dear comrade of the happy change in his fortune. I felt a real pleasure to hear this friend of his lament his being employed in such kind of business. Our Counsellor only smiled, and exhibited his two deep wrinkles: he cared indeed but little for what people said; and rising from his seat, walked to the stove to evaporate, through the pores of his skin, the little portion of sentiment which nature had bestowed on him. A physician

had been promised me, but I waited for him in vain, for in fact he was not to come at all. When I requested my executioner to make good his promise, he replied, shrugging up his shoulders, that it was contrary to his orders to allow me any medical assistance.

" You are instructed then to let me die?" " Ah, you will not die, Sir." I remained silent. With Heaven's good help, said I to myself, before I die, I will make my will, and take leave of my wife. This idea took strong hold of my mind, yet this favour was likewise denied me. It was necessary to procure a public officer to authenticate such an act, and how could I expect to be indulged with a notary, when a physician had been denied me? I cut short this difficulty, by begging I might be allowed a minister: can it be conceived that this too was refused me? It was in vain I represented to our

Counsellor, that besides the welfare of my soul, it must naturally be supposed, that as a father of a family I had affairs to set in order; that the right of making bequests was refused to none; that the Emperor had no design to punish either my wife or my children; all these reasons were of no avail, I was unable to move him.

"But, for God's sake," continued I, "let me write a few words to my wife; you shall read them yourself; you have already promised her this, and to me you have repeated that promise a hundred times." He considered a little, and at last consented.

I wrote four or five lines only, and refrained from all observations on my unhappy situation. I advised her to arm herself with resolution, to take proper care of her health, for the sake of her children, who were thus deprived of their father.

I translated my letter to the Counsellor, sealed it in his presence, and gave it into his hands; and he begged the Major to have it sent to the post-office. This task being performed, I grew more composed; but I was soon after told by the Courier, that my letter had been thrown into the fire. I shuddered when I heard this. I had indeed always thought meanly of the Counsellor, but stung with indignation at this act of treachery, he now became odious to me, and I vowed for him eternal hatred and contempt.

Yet in spite of his vigilance and all the eyes that surrounded me, I found means to write a second letter. I shall not relate what these means were; I should perhaps injure the kind person who furnished me with them: May God reward him!* The next evening

* My wife did not receive the letter. Alexander Schülkins, in whom, notwithstanding his foolery, I

we left Moscow. The weather was very fine; and crossing the city, we passed near the public walk, a birch-tree alley, which resembles the Linden at Berlin. Here the *beau monde* resort: it was now filled with equipages, handsome well-dressed ladies, and fine gentlemen, not one of whom observed the poor Author, who perhaps that very evening was to contribute to their amusement. How do the happy and the unfortunate cross each other in this world? How unusual is it for one among them to concern himself about the situation of another, while every one, engrossed by his own concerns, stumbles indiscriminately on the bramble or the flower. Though the

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could always discover the sentiments of a well-meaning man, not easily bribed, Alexander Schülkins, I say, who swore by every saint he would forward this letter, did not perform what he had promised.

sight of this promenade did not excite very agreeable sensations in my mind, it diverted its attention in some degree from the misery of its condition.

I know not whether I should ascribe the recovery of my health to the spring, to my perfect resignation, or my total relinquishment of hope, since to cease to hope is to procure repose. I had, however, no sooner quitted Moscow than I perceived I began to gain strength. I also regained my fortitude, and often, by way of consolation, I reflected on the cases of several unfortunate persons, whose ills resembled mine. I thought of Napper Tandy, of the exiles at Cayenne; but the former had taken an active part in the troubles of his country; the others, more unhappy perhaps than myself, had been concerned in the administration of a disjointed state; they were innocent, it is true, but they had been punished

for the avowal of sentiments openly expressed; but what opinions had I avowed? In a word, if their torments have surpassed mine, my innocence, at least, was more self-evident than theirs.

Nothing, alas! can be more tormenting than the condition of the man who, every time he looks into himself, finds the consciousness of his own misery assailing him like the serpents of Lacoon, in every possible direction, and torturing him under a thousand various shapes. Such was my case, isolated as I was in my carriage, without a human creature near me to offer comfort, to advise me, or to listen to my complaints; with no object to divert my attention, but the discordant song of Alexander Schülkins, and the heavy sallies of my execrable Counsellor, whose jokes were all alike, and every moment repeated. If the Courier fell asleep, he would tickle his

nose with the tassel of his cane till he had awaked him, and he would then rub him between the shoulders with the head of it. When we came to a high mountain, he would exclaim: *Moladinka gora!* (the little young mountain). And was it but a moderate one, he would cry: *Wot star-ucha!* (see the old mountain). A man must, like myself, have frequented good company, to have any idea of the horrid disgust I continually felt in the society of these animals. The Counsellor has often repeated to me that he had five hundred souls in his possession;* but I can safely aver he does not carry the half of one about him. The only good quality the man had, was intrepidity in the hour of danger. He would even tempt the danger he could

* This is the expression used by the Russians when they are speaking of the peasants.

have avoided: he never, for instance, would allow the carriage wheels to be locked in descending the steepest mountains. One day our horses took fright coming down a hill, at the foot of which was a brook; over the brook was a bridge; but from the direction the horses had taken, it was evident that they could not reach it. The wheels were within two paces of the brink; the Counsellor, without hesitation, immediately leaped out; his foot slipped, and he fell down the declivity; notwithstanding this, he was able to sustain with his hands the weight of the carriage, which was on the point of turning over; the postilion then drove on, and it was by this fool-hardy manœuvre that we escaped being thrown into the brook.

He often gave us proof of similar intrepidity, particularly when we had ri-

vers to cross, which are very dangerous in Russia, and remarkably so in the spring, when the melting of the snows suddenly transforms a brook into a deep stream. The method of ferrying over them is also ill contrived and dangerous. Two boats fastened together by osier twigs, and covered with planks, constitute the only conveyance for all sorts of carriages. Two rowers tugging on the same side of this flying-bridge, force it on, while a pilot at the other end steers its course. In this manner the most difficult ferries are crossed. During the passage the boats are generally filled with water. Frequently a mere raft, constructed in the slightest manner, forms the ferry boat, so that the passenger is sure to be drenched to the skin. These sort of flat-bottomed boats are fastened by a rope, and held till the current grows rapid, when they are let loose, and kept

as much as possible in a diagonal direction.

We had to pass the river Sura, near the little town of Wasilkoi. When we arrived at the banks of it, the wind was extremely boisterous, and this small stream, which, during the summer months, is almost dry, was now so swoln, that the country, for a German mile round it, was flooded, and even the tops of the loftiest trees were below the water. We waited a considerable time before we could venture upon this passage. The boat was on the opposite side, and more than two hours had passed before we were observed: at last it came to our assistance. We had judged from its slow motion, when empty, though furnished with an extra number of oars, that with our incumbrance it would proceed still more slowly. The boatmen assured us, the mo-

ment they arrived, the passage would be attended with much danger, and that it was absolutely necessary to wait till the wind abated. The Counsellor did not attend to their advice, but determined, at all events, to embark without loss of time. I coincided with him, for I braved fortune, and defied its power to render my situation more lamentable than it already was. The men, however, refused to take us: it was necessary to shew them our orders; they then made the sign of the cross, and prayed God to be their helper.

At first we proceeded extremely well, as we were under the shelter of a neck of land, which completely shielded us from the tempest: but when we gained the middle of the river, we began to be much incommoded. The wind blew with such violence, and drove us along with such rapidity, that, in spite of the

efforts of the boatmen, we could no longer weather the storm. We then drove towards a bush, which appeared to be of no very considerable size, and as we approached it, the affrighted rowers strained every nerve to avoid getting foul of it. They uttered several loud exclamations, but I could not understand what they said. Well, said I to myself, we can but run aground, and as we are so near the town, we shall soon be relieved. Their fears, however, were not ill founded, as I soon perceived, when on drawing nigh the supposed bush, I found it was nothing less than the top of a clump of trees, whose roots lay deeper under water than our longest pole could reach. We now got entangled among their branches, and were in danger of being destroyed. The cords of the raft seemed incapable of resisting such violent and repeated shocks. The

two boats on which it was placed, were on the point of breaking asunder, in which case the carriage and horses must have floated down the stream. But this was not the greatest danger that threatened us; one of the boats was lifted up by the top of a tree, and the other, which sunk in proportion, was filling with water very fast. The declivity of the raft became so considerable, that our horses with difficulty kept their footing, and began to be very unruly. We were ourselves obliged to hold fast by the wheels of the carriage, and were all but too sensible that this perilous situation must soon yield to something still worse.

The Counsellor himself was at length convinced of the danger into which his rashness had plunged us: he grew pale and uneasy; then laying hold of a pole with a hook, he grappled the bough of a tree; the Courier did the same, and

the boatmen, abandoning both helm and oars, followed their example. I remained the only inactive person on board, and sat wrapped up in my cloke in the carriage, perfectly resigned, and awaited the worst that could befal me with tranquillity.

The Counsellor's manœuvre saved the raft from falling to pieces, and at length we got clear of the bushes; but were after all unable to make the shore, and our boatmen being quite worn out with fatigue, we returned to our former station. Fortunately a light barge soon came to our assistance; this being fastened to the raft, our people again set to work, with the addition of four fresh hands, and we soon arrived safe on the opposite shore.

Were I disposed to jest, I might say with Tamino,* that in going to Siberia,

* A character in the Enchanted Flute.

I had been obliged to pass through fire and water before I had been initiated in the dark mysteries of the country. One night we saw a large forest in flames. At a distance the spectacle produced a grand effect, but when I found we were to pass through it, this new kind of danger made me shudder. Some burning pines which had fallen one against the other, actually formed an arch of fire in the very middle of the road, while others threatened to fall upon our heads. We frequently observed trees burnt eight or ten feet at bottom, supported by the mere thickness of their bark, their tops and branches as yet untouched by the flames. We came at length to a fir-tree on fire from top to bottom, which was overturned across the road. At first we hesitated what to do, as it was equally dangerous to proceed or to turn back. It was at length

determined to proceed; the postilion whipped the horses, and drove them over the lowest part of the tree. This agreeable passage was at least a thousand paces in length.

There is nothing more common in travelling through Russia, than to meet with these fires. I had before seen several, but not so near at hand. The natives appear delighted at such accidents: the country is so encumbered with forests, that they take no means whatever to extinguish such conflagrations.

We proceeded through Wolodimer, and Nichnei Novogorod. The reader will not expect any description of these cities. The sensations with which I was oppressed precluded all observation of these places, which, however, many travellers have already described, and of which I could relate nothing new.

One morning as we were about to depart from a village where we had slept the preceding night, we heard the bells of some post-horses that were on the road coming to Moscow. This agreeable sound, which I had in my ears ever since I left that city, excited a sudden sensation in my mind, and my heart beat violently. "A courier!" cried a peasant, "a courier!" I instantly ran out. The sound drew nearer; it was in truth a courier, but not a courier dispatched to announce my recal. An unfortunate old man, dressed in a bed-gown and night-cap, with fetters on his legs, now made his appearance, seated in a wretched kibitk. This prisoner was a lieutenant-colonel of Räsan, a man in good circumstances, and, like myself, a husband and a father; he had been dragged out of his bed in the middle of the night, and, like me, torn from his

afflicted family, and destined also to the same spot where I was travelling. A quarrel which he had had with the governor was the cause of his misfortune. The irons with which he was loaded had swelled his legs exceedingly; he had no change of linen, no clothes, and, in short, was in the most deplorable condition that can be imagined.

He was escorted by a police officer, belonging to the town of Räsan. This man, who was a Greek by birth, and who spoke Italian very fluently, appeared to be very civil and well-disposed, and to do all in his power to alleviate the misfortune of his prisoner. He even went so far as to take off his chains, which our Counsellor would have been glad to have fastened on me. His good humour had pleased my odious guard to such a degree, that he allowed me to chat with him, though our conversation

might naturally enough have displeased him, as it was carried on in Italian, a language of which he had not the least knowledge. I was delighted with this meeting; the man was well informed, and after three lonely weeks, to find a human creature with whom I could converse, was an inexpressible pleasure to me.

From this moment we generally travelled in company, and though we separated from time to time, we soon met again. The Colonel seemed to be a quiet good-natured man, and to bear his misfortune with great dignity of mind. In comparing our different cases, the consideration of his calamity was well calculated to reconcile me in a certain degree to my own. In his escort he was more fortunate than me; but in other respects his condition was worse than mine, as he was in total want of

every thing, not having had time to take any money with him.

This unfortunate gentleman, being continually in sight, afforded me a spectacle that mitigated my own affliction. It revived my sinking resolution, and I endeavoured to imitate his firmness of mind. I was furnished with tea, and we often drank it together. He would smile as a token of gratitude: we wished much to relate our mutual sorrows, but that consolation was denied us.

I cannot refrain from noticing a natural phenomenon which I saw on the road. It was a man one hundred and thirty years old. His eldest son, who was eighty, appeared not more than fifty. He has a numerous progeny.—When we arrived at his dwelling, we found him lying on a couch, with nothing but a hard matrass under him. Excepting his sight, which was

grown very weak, he had all his faculties unimpaired. He still continued to go into the woods in quest of bark to make his shoes; and I was much struck to observe that his hands were neither wrinkled nor thin, as is commonly the case with old people. As soon as he saw us he arose, dressed himself, and offered me his bed. I was affected by this act of hospitality. That a man, almost a century older than myself, should offer me his bed, and sleep himself on the ground, was indeed a very singular act of kindness! I felt peculiar delight in gazing on the old man, and left him with much regret. I should have been glad to have asked him many questions relative to his manner of living, which doubtless was a principal cause of his attaining such an extreme old age, but our stay was too short, and indeed I was not sufficiently master of the Russian language. All that

I was able to learn on this subject was, that he had married late in life, and had never been addicted to the use of strong liquors.

At the last post before Cäsan, we met with General Mertens, whom I had formerly known. This officer, who was a German by birth, had lately been nominated Vice-governor of Perm. We met on the banks of the Wolga, and as the environs were under water as far as the eye could reach, we made a long passage together. I rejoiced at this meeting; I had not spoken German for the last three weeks: We talked of the good old times, and he listened to the story of my misfortunes with great attention.—The Counsellor, who formerly had served under him, could not, from respect to the General, interrupt our conversation. I learnt many occurrences that had taken place, few of which were of

an agreeable nature. He was himself much out of humour with fortune. He was a Major-General of considerable standing, and had been invested with a civil employment, without having solicited or desired it, and sent to Perm, two thousand verstes from Petersburg, where he had left his family. The office of Vice-Governor of that town was rather a degradation than an advancement. I shall conclude his story by observing, that Fortune, who had seemed to frown on him, in making him Vice-Governor of Perm, where in fact he was nothing better than an exile, had since smiled on him; for when he arrived at that place, he received a commission which named him to the Government of Twer, a city situated not far from Moscow, and which holds a distinguished rank among the Russian Provinces. He arrived at the seat of his government by a very

singular road, having made his way *per aspera ad astra.* Ah! Why did not the Emperor act in the same manner towards me: Had he only ordered me to be conducted to Petersburg through Siberia, I would erase from the tablet of my memory every circumstance of this narrative.

We arrived in the evening at Cäsan, avoiding the inns as usual. It was late, and I saw but little of this remarkable city. Here the Counsellor had friends, as in all other parts, very useful friends, with whom he could lodge without expence. We alighted in the Tartar suburbs, three verstes from the city, at the house of Lieut. Justifey Temofectsch, a man about fifty years of age, and one of the best creatures in the world. He was married but had no children: he seemed flattered by the friendship of the Counsellor, and wished for no greater

honour than his high protection. It was easy to perceive that he was not in very affluent circumstances, nevertheless both he and his wife received us with so much kindness, and offered us every thing they had to offer in so cordial a manner, that I never shall forget their hospitality. Had my appetite been much greater than it was, they would have been so much the more happy. It was however far from being moderate, as all the post-houses we had stopped at, on the other side of Cäsan, were mere pig-sties. The Tschermists and the Wotiaks who keep them are all dirty and beastly people, scarcely acquainted with the laws of hospitality; not even a chair is to be found in their houses.

Notwithstanding the keenness of my appetite, had I been even Sancho himself, I could never have swallowed every thing my good host of Cäsan placed be-

fore me. Early in the morning was served coffee, with bread and butter; an hour after *pirogue* (a kind of meat pie) with brandy; two hours later, more brandy, with soused fish, sausages, and such things. Afterwards came in dinner, consisting of four very large dishes; then at three o'clock coffee and biscuits; at five tea, with several kinds of pastry, and at night, after all this feasting, came a plentiful supper. Heavens! how my two companions laboured; they had certainly stomachs which contained a storehouse against a time of scarcity! In addition to this good eating and drinking, I was accommodated with a good bed, and for the first night of my journey slept soundly: I might even say, that the halt would have refreshed me very much, had not the great number of *taracans** interrupted the en-

* Blatta oxientalis: they are called in Germany *Kakerlakes*.

joyment of it. It is difficult to form an idea of the prodigious quantities of these insects that infested every room. I had never seen so many together, even in the most wretched hut. They kept running by thousands over the walls and ceiling; and whenever a candle appeared, these thousands were converted into millions. A piece of bread left on the table would be instantly covered with them; and when the inhabitants take their meals, they always sit at a distance from the walls. When in bed, however, though I slept with the curtains open, not one of them molested me.

We remained two days at Cäsan, or rather in the Tartar suburb. Here by stealth I wrote with a pencil another note to my wife, but I know not whether she received it. I then began to commit to paper the substance of a memorial to the Emperor, and as all writ-

ing for this purpose was positively forbidden me, I was obliged to observe the strictest precaution in my proceedings. At first I only ventured to scribble with a pencil. I had one about me which I had bought at Moscow, on the pretext of noting down the posts. I had likewise two dictionaries to assist me in the attainment of the Russian language, and on the margin of these books I made my memorandums. For this purpose I availed myself of every solitary moment; these were often of short duration indeed; but the repairs of the carriage obliging the Counsellor to go more than once to the blacksmith's, I had then several hours at my command. In these dictionaries I registered many circumstances without awakening the least suspicion. At Cäsan, indeed, I remained much in bed, concealed by curtains which still admitted sufficient light

to enable me to proceed with my task. In this manner I wrote without interruption, as my companions imagining rest to be extremely necessary to my health, were very willing that I should take it. I began to consider this work as an indespensible measure; in the first place, because I had no reliance on the Counsellor's declarations that I should be allowed to write at Tobolsk; and in the second, I had an opportunity of sending these sketches to my wife, who would arrange them in proper order, and forward them to their destination.

The rest of my time I passed in a very dull manner at Cäsan. I commonly sat at the window which looked into the court-yard, where my carriage stood to remind me of the misery I had suffered in it for three long weeks.

A handsome Tartar woman, who

lodged in the room over me, furnished me however with some amusement; not that I was struck either with her beauty or her youth, but she afforded a picture of the Tartar manners, which was quite a novel subject to me. When a female of that nation sees a stranger, she is obliged by custom to run from him, or to hide her face. This woman had some business to transact in a small warehouse exactly opposite to my window. The sight of me embarrassed her extremely, and she remained undecided whether to stay or go; but observing that I kept my ground, she took her resolution, and covering herself with a linen cloth she had at hand, ventured across the yard. At other times she had only her arms to screen her face from my view; but having always something to carry in her hands, this expedient proved very inconvenient to her, and by way of re-

medy she would lift up the corner of the handkerchief she had about her neck, and convert it into a veil. This was robbing Peter to pay Paul, for it left her bosom bare: Again, endeavouring to hide one part, she exposed the other; and whenever any thing fell out of her hand, she would stoop down to recover it, and then both face and neck were exposed. I should scarcely have conceived it possible, that so much bashfulness and so much coquetry could be united; and I confess that at any other time, I should have enjoyed this little intrigue much longer.

An incident of a very different nature, however, occurred just as we were taking leave of this place: Alexander Schulkins, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed, "A Senate-courier!" and instantly hallooed out to him, "who are you looking for?"

"For you," was the reply. This answer threw me into great agitation of mind; my knees shook, and I was incapable of seeing any thing around me. A courier from the senate! said I to myself. What can he want? Surely his errand concerns me! Alas, no!—Two Senators were travelling to Siberia to inspect the government. The Courier who attended them, hearing of our arrival, had come to see Alexander Schulkins, his old comrade. Never in my life did I experience so painful an illusion. It was long before I could recover either my senses or the use of my limbs. From this moment I gave up all hopes of being overtaken by a courier, and in the same proportion that I had hitherto wished to defer my departure, I now eagerly desired to accelerate it. I became anxious to know my fate, in order to inform my

wife of it, and without loss of time to present my memorial to the Emperor.

We left Cäsan the 17th of May, old style, and though the season was agreeably warm, we still found great quantities of snow in the woods. The distance from Cäsan to Perm is nearly six hundred verstes: the route runs all the way through forests, in which we often travelled four German miles together without seeing a single village. The road is wide and pretty level; it is, however, frequently intersected by swamps, and being repaired with faggots, the traveller is almost jolted to death.

We met several companies of robbers, chained in couples, who were marching on foot to the mines of Nertschinsk;* among them I observed several women.

* These companies are often six months on their way.

They were escorted by the peasantry of the neighbourhood: as they passed, they asked our charity. Alas! though riding in a carriage, I was certainly more unfortunate than they were. Sufferings are to be measured by the mind. The sight of these wretches, the gloominess of the forest, the recitals of the horrid murders committed in these deserts, not a little conspired to aggravate my melancholy: but, O God of consolation, thou aidest the unhappy when overwhelmed with sorrows, and sendest hope to comfort them! Yes, even in this forest, that benign star began to shine upon me. It shone indeed at a distance, but it shed a beam that penetrated the dark gloom that hung over my soul. It gradually dispersed, and my heart, while I am penning this passage, still feels its encouraging glow. I cannot now mention whence this sudden alteration arose;

perhaps I may never avow it.* Should I ever be able to do so, it must be after having realised this pleasing hope. Let me only add, that it was founded upon my wife's affection; the basis indeed was a solid one: yes, if she still lived, her love was my guarantee that she would fly to my assistance.

We arrived at Perm without any accident; it is an unpleasant town, and our Counsellor had not a single acquaintance in it. We lodged at a clock-maker's who kept a sort of an inn. His name was Rosenburg; he was born at Riga, and had formerly been in the service of Prince Biron. We were here accommodated with every thing that we wanted; and I now began to perceive my

* My hopes originated in the plan of an escape which I had formed and expected to execute with the assistance of my wife. This will be explained in the sequel.

Counsellor grew less mistrustful of me. He frequently left me quite alone; and the box in which my money was kept lay near me unlocked on the table. I availed myself of a moment that seemed so favourable to my design, and took out a hundred roubles. This idea of robbing my own store occurred to me as a kind of presentiment that it was soon going to be attacked for the last time. Our Counsellor, on his return, asked me for some more money, and I refused him without any ceremony. He then grew so much out of humour that I determined to open the box before him. "See," said I, "here are only one hundred and ten roubles. What a small sum, in my present situation, in a strange country, and in want of absolute necessaries! This is all I have to subsist on till I can procure a supply from a family at five hundred German miles

distance. Here are, however, fifty roubles; if you are not satisfied with these, do your worst; but I know how to find redress." He appeared to be struck with these last words, and, becoming more complaisant, took the fifty roubles, and ceased to torment me. His principles, it seems, were quite opposite to those of seamen, who are rough and boisterous at the beginning of the voyage, but grow kind and friendly towards the end of it; whereas the nearer we drew to our destination, the more uncivil our Counsellor became. Doubtless nothing but the fear of my elopement had induced him to assume a decency of manners, and now that he no longer entertained any apprehensions on that head, he began to think there was no longer any necessity for restraint upon his behaviour.

We were on the point of setting out

from I know not what post, at about eight o'clock in the evening, when a dark storm burst over us, and it began to thunder. I intreated the Counsellor, in the most pressing manner, to defer our departure till the storm had abated; but he positively refused. I represented the dangers we had to dread from such tempestuous weather, that our horses had iron about them, that the carriage contained much of that metal, and that such conductors alone were sufficient to attract the lightning. He told me with a sneer that all that was an idle story. I added, that prudent travellers generally got out of their carriages, and chose some open spot to remain in, when overtaken by thunder-storms. But my Counsellor still sneered at me, and asked me how I could give credit to such trash. Irritated not only at his want of complaisance, but likewise at

his ignorance, which certainly ought not to have vexed me at all, I threw myself into the carriage. Why should I dread death? said I to myself. Only creatures like this man should fear it; for what has he to expect beyond the grave?

We continued our route, and the claps of thunder grew more loud and frequent. We passed over a heath which on one side the road was in a blaze. This kind of conflagration is different from that of a wood. The flame crawls along in a serpentine direction, at one time quick, at another slow. Sometimes it darts upwards, but never continues long in that direction; sometimes it lurks concealed and concentrated, till it finds fresh fuel to feed upon.

Although this fire was by no means dangerous, yet the spectacle altogether was exceedingly terrible. Here the

flames of the heath and under-wood crackled; there the lightning flashed, and the heavens were all on fire. Such were the combined horrors of the route for several verstes together, when at length we came to a wood of fir and birch of small extent. Having cleared the wood, we found the country all under water. A bridge of boats lay on the bank for the purpose of ferrying over to a village on the other side, but it was unattended and empty. The inundation extended so far, that we stood at a great distance from the village, where the boatmen were now regaling themselves. We called loudly for these men, but remained a considerable time before we could be heard: at last a man crossed over to us in a small boat. Though the raft had but one rope, and the water we had to cross was stagnant, yet I was of opinion that a single boatman was in-

sufficient for the purpose of ferrying us over: but the Counsellor was determined to try the experiment, and accordingly ordered the man to bring the raft to the bank. The boatman replied that he could not do so on account of the shallows, as it would drive the raft aground, which, with our additional weight, could not be got off again; but the man added, that we had five good horses which were well able to draw us to the raft. We therefore proceeded, the wheels sunk in stiff clay; four horses reached the raft, but the fifth, endeavouring to do the same, slipped back, and remained with his hind parts deep in the water, and at last floundered on one side; nor could any means induce him to get upon his legs again. In the mean time the other horses kept pulling on. My companions had jumped out of the carriage; I remained in it, se-

cretly delighted at what had happened. At length observing that the slight rope which fastened the raft was likely to be broken by the struggles of the horses, I thought it would be imprudent not to follow their example, and I accordingly stepped into the water, and climbed on board the raft. The Counsellor took the whip, and mounted the driver's seat; the postilion held the horses by the reins, the courier beat them forwards with the bough of a tree, the boatmen laid hold of the rope, and I remained with my arms folded, and my feet wet, exposed to a most violent shower of rain. In the midst of all this bustle, a thunder-bolt fell upon a birch-tree. The report was terrible. They all let fall their arms, and only raised them again to make a thousand signs of the cross upon their breasts and foreheads. *Gospodin pomilu* was repeated incessantly.

The Counsellor was confounded, and the Courier upbraided him with not having listened to his advice. I smiled, but did not utter a word.

The distance from Perm to Tobolsk is computed to be nine hundred verstes, but the road and the country are far superior to those between Cäsan and Perm. Instead of those gloomy forests of pine, we now saw young woods of birch intermixed with extensive and fertile fields, in a high state of cultivation, and opulent villages, either Russian or Tartar, situated at no great distance from each other. The countenances of the peasants appear so contented and cheerful on Sundays and holidays, that the traveller can scarcely persuade himself he is really in Siberia. In these villages the houses are much cleaner than in those of the other Russians. The inns have each two rooms; the common

one, called the *isba*, and the other the *gornitza*. These chambers have windows glazed with transparent pebble; there are tables covered with decent tapestry, and a variety of fine images are placed in every corner. They are furnished also with many household utensils, which we had not seen in any of the peasants' houses for a considerable distance; such as glasses, cups and saucers, &c. I likewise remarked more hospitality among the people of these parts than even among the Russians, whose language, I should observe, bears no resemblance to theirs.

On working-days the country seems to be thinly inhabited; one may travel for hours together without meeting a single man, and yet these apparently desert lands are so extremely fertile, that they appear as if they were cultivated by

magic. Every holiday the young girls, clad in white and red, or in blue, resort to the village green, and entertain themselves with singing and dancing. The young men have their own amusements; parties of them were less frequently seen than of the other sex, and were less numerous, which must be attributed to the late levies, which had considerably diminished their number in these parts. I did not observe the indiscriminate mixture of the sexes in any of their sports. I saw a great number of children, most of whom were, however, born in the reign of Catharine.

The peasants in general cherish a tender remembrance of the late Empress: they call her *matuschka* (little mother.) On the contrary, they seldom speak of her son, the present Emperor, and when they do it is with great reserve.

In all the government of Perm, Ekaterinabur * is the only town of importance. Here the Counsellor discovered my writings, which threw him into a violent rage. Had I not prevented him, he would have torn my books. "I shall let the Governor see these," said he. "You may if you please," replied I; they contain nothing more than the draught of a memorial which I intend to present to the Emperor; and I began the task with so much the more confidence, as you had assured me, in the most positive terms, this indulgence would be granted me." "That," replied he, "will depend on the last instructions sent to the Governor." "What," said I, "then you are not certain, after all your oaths, that I am to remain at Tobolsk! And yet you assured me, on

* Celebrated for the mines in its neighbourhood.

the word and honour of a man, that that city was to be the end of my journey!"

He appeared to be confounded, and assured me again that he was not the bearer of any order that implied my being sent further than Tobolsk. Here he paused: my reproaches doubtless made him forget what else he had to say; at least he said no more. He had, however, renewed my anxiety; my fate still appeared to be undecided.

Tiumen was the first town we came to on the frontiers of Siberia. We passed through a forest about forty verstes short of this place, in which the direction-posts indicate that the traveller is already in the jurisdiction of Tobolsk. The Counsellor was inhuman enough to point to these posts, and to explain the intention of them. I made no reply though my heart was bursting with an-

An insane Exile enquiring for dispatches.

guish. Alas! was it not enough to be a prey to all the ills that a quick sense of feeling created within me? Was it necessary that this executioner should resort to outward objects to increase my sufferings? I was now actually in Siberia; and a circumstance occurred at the first post, not at all calculated to assuage the agony of mind I had suffered at the sight of the direction-posts. I shall relate the anecdote, which inflicted torments upon my heart never to be forgotten.

We stopped to change horses at a village, and as I was sitting at the door of a cottage, breaking some bread into a bowl of milk, an old man of sixty, whose hair and beard were white as snow, threw himself on the ground, and enquired with extreme earnestness if we had brought him any letters from Revel. I fixed my eyes steadfastly upon

him ; I doubted whether I had rightly understood him, upon which a woman, who was standing by, whispered me ; —" this man has lost his senses: he starts from his bed every time he hears of the arrival of a stranger, and always asks the same question." " Give me a piece of paper," continued she, " and I will pacify him ; otherwise you will have much trouble with him, for he will persist in staying here, and tire you with his lamentations." She then pretended to read a letter to him, beginning with these words—" My dear hus- " band, I am in perfect health, as like- " wise are all our children. Make your- " self easy, we shall soon be with you."

The old man appeared to listen with extreme delight ; he smiled and stroked his beard ; then taking the paper in his hand he pressed it to his bosom. He now related very rationally that he had

formerly been a soldier, and had served on board the Revel fleet, at Cronstadt, and at other places; he added that he was an invalid, that he had just left his wife, and that she was now with her children at Revel. The woman told us that he had left them thirty years ago; the poor man vehemently contradicted her, and then seated himself on the end of the bench, where my two gentlemen were amusing themselves in their old way, and of whom he appeared to take no notice. After this, he uttered some words which I could not well hear, then cried out aloud; "My dearest, where art thou at this moment; art thou at Revel, at Riga, or at Petersburg?—These words were so applicable to my own situation, that I had scarcely strength enough to rise from my seat, and retire to conceal my tears. This good old man, thought I, exhibits a picture of

what ere long I may be. Deprived of reason, I may perhaps one day loiter about the road, and ask the passengers if they had any letters from Revel. Even now I may exclaim, like him, "My dearest, where art thou at this moment? Art thou at Petersburg, at Riga, or at Revel?" Never, O never, did I experience such a painful moment! The image of the old man is for ever engraven on my memory; it is present to me when I awake; it haunts me in my dreams, and is eternally before me.

The carriage was ready before I had well recovered myself; my companions, who saw me lay aside the bowl of milk, could not conceive what ailed me, nor did I acquaint them with the state of my feelings, which would only have incurred their ridicule. I almost blush to relate, that on leaving the poor lunatic I made him a small present. The man,

who for the long space of thirty-five years had never lost sight of his family, was a being of no common stamp; nor could the sufferings of his heart be relieved by money; he received what I gave him with perfect indifference, and without thanks. I felt the blood rise into my cheeks, and I covered my face as I left him. Such was my entrance into Siberia. The Irtisch and the Tobol had deluged the country for some miles round; we were therefore obliged to leave our carriage, and to embark with our baggage on board a slight barge. The day was warm, and the boat sailed very fast. My companions began to snore, and left me at full leisure to reflect on the uncertainty of my destination.

Three hours after this Tobolsk appeared at a short distance. The city is built on the banks of the Irtisch; its

steeples produce a grand effect, and that part of the town, which is called the citadel, where the Governor's palace forms a prominent object, was particularly striking; on a nearer view, however, it appeared partly in ruins, having formerly suffered by fire. It was now that I had an opportunity of fully ascertaining the difference between the coarse but kind disposition of Alexander Schulkins and the unfeeling apathy of the Counsellor. When the latter awoke he gave a loose to the most indecent exultations of delight, and laughed immoderately without the least regard to that delicacy, which respect for the unfortunate so naturally inspires. He appeared like an executioner, who, the moment he has taken away the life of a fellow-creature, assumes a look of satisfaction, and applauds his own dexterity. The Courier, on the contrary,

was silent and dejected, at seeing me so near a place where my destiny was to be decided; he gazed on me by stealth from time to time, with looks of sorrow and compassion.

We entered the town by water: the lower parts were overflown, the streets were full of boats, in which the inhabitants were carrying on the necessary business of the day.

On the tenth of May in the afternoon, we landed near the great market place.* We procured a kibick, and instantly repaired to the Governor's house. When we arrived at the door, the Counsellor entered and left me in the carriage. This was a painful quarter of an hour indeed! The servants stared at me, and whispered one another; all this gave me

* Called the basar, the name this part of the town bears all over Asia.

great uneasiness. At last the Counsellor returned, and beckoned me to follow him. He then led me through the garden to a summer-house, where the Governor had been taking an afternoon's nap. I asked my conductor if I was to remain here; and he answered me dryly: "Indeed, Sir, I cannot say."—The summer-house was open; I with a firm step entered alone; the Counsellor remained without. The Governor M. de Kuschelef, who had been represented to me as a very humane man, by the people at Perm, seemed about forty years old; his person was noble, and his countenance full of intelligence. His first words were these: *Parlez-vous François, Monsieur?* The question drove me almost frantic with delight, so happy was I to be at length able to explain myself. *Oui*, stammered I, with great eagerness.

He then begged me to be seated.

"Your name is familiar to me, it is the name of an author."

"Alas, Sir! I am myself that author." "How!" cried he, "can that be possible? What has occasioned you to be brought here?" "I imagined your Excellency would have informed me of that." "I inform you! I am utterly ignorant of it. See what the order states: you are President de Kotzebue of Revel, and you are consigned to my custody." (He shewed me the paper, which contained only five or six lines.) "I do not come from Revel," said I, "but from the frontiers of Prussia." "Perhaps you had not permission to enter Russia?" "I had a passport in due form, signed by the Emperor, and expedited by his order; but this passport has not been respected: on the contrary, I have been torn from the arms of my family, in order, as I was told, to be conveyed

to Petersburg, and without any further explanation, I have been dragged hither."

The Governor was about to speak, but he suddenly checked himself. "Do you know nothing more than this?" at length continued he; "do you suspect any thing which might have been laid to your charge?" "I have not the least suspicion of any thing whatever," replied I; "may I perish, Sir, if I can form any conjecture. Your Excellency may easily imagine I have been racking my brains, during the whole journey, to discover what could have occasioned this proceeding: but I am unable even to guess at the cause."

The Governor, after a short pause, continued: "I have read such of your works as have been translated into the Russian language, and I am extremely happy to be acquainted with you; for your own sake, however, I could have

wished not to have been introduced to you here."

"It is a great consolation," replied I, "to meet with a man of your worth, and I flatter myself I shall be able at least to remain in this neighbourhood." "Much as I should gain by your socciety," answered he, "I am unable to grant your request." I grew quite alarmed. "I must not hope then to stay here," cried I, in the bitterness of my heart; "miserable indeed must that man be, who considers the privilege of remaining at Tobolsk an indulgence! Must I drag on my wretched existence on a spot still more remote?"

"Every thing in my power shall be done to alleviate the severity of your situation, but my orders require me to assign you a place of retirement within the limits of my government, and Tobolsk is expressly excluded. I need not ob-

serve that I cannot act against my instructions: make choice of any town, except Tiumen, which, on account of its contiguity to the high road, cannot be allotted you."

"I am an utter stranger to Siberia, and resign myself with confidence to your Excellency's goodness; but, were it possible, I am desirous of being at no great distance from this spot!"

He immediately named Tschim, as the nearest town, which is situate within three hundred and forty verstes, or fifty German miles, from Tobolsk; "but, continued he, I would advise you to prefer Kurgan,* a hundred verstes farther off, but situated in a milder climate. Kurgan, said he with a smile, is the Italy of Siberia. You will even find wild cher-

* It is written in this manner, but pronounced Kurgahn.

ries there; but what is of more importance, the state of society there is very agreeable."

"I am at present so exhausted, that I wish, if it could be allowed me, to remain here a few weeks at least, to recover my strength?" The Governor paused: after a short reflection—"Yes," replied he, with great goodness, "that may be done, and I will obtain you the assistance of a physician." Another request laboured in my mind: "May I write to the Emperor?" said I, in a stammering voice. "Certainly." "And to my wife?" "Yes; but that can only be done under cover to the Crown Advocate, who will take care to forward the letter, if it contains nothing suspicious."

I felt myself still more consoled: he gave orders that a good lodging should be provided for me in the town, and I took my leave of him, as did the Coun-

sellor, who, I could observe, had been treated with very little consideration.

"Are you to remain here?" said the Counsellor, after we had left the Governor's palace. "No," replied I coldly; but I soon after related the whole interview to the good-hearted Schülkins. The Counsellor told me that the Governor had asked him if I was related to an author of my name, but that he did not understand what he meant. I could not forbear smiling at the man's stupidity: nothing indeed could be more ludicrous than his surprise to find so many people at Tobolsk acquainted with me, and to observe the respect and attention that was paid to me there. His friends, Maximoff of Moscow, and Justifei Timofeitsch of Cäsan, had said nothing concerning me; and to speak frankly, I was myself surprised to discover how well I was known, and to meet such kind-

hearted people in those remote and savage regions.

The police soon pointed out the lodging commonly occupied by people of distinction who are banished to Siberia. It consisted of two rooms; it belonged to an inhabitant of the place; and as this man was compelled to furnish the rooms without receiving any retribution, he had not been at all solicitous to fit them up in a capital style. The windows were broken, the walls naked, or hung with ragged old-fashioned tapestry, and the chambers swarmed with insects. Under the windows was a stagnant pond exhaling putrid vapours. This is an exact picture of the apartments, but they were far from appearing contemptible in the eyes of a man, who a few minutes before had dreaded being consigned to a dark dungeon. It was indeed but too natural to expect every thing that was

dreadful; having been dragged in this extraordinary manner into Siberia, I had no security that a prison did not await me there; or even the discipline of the knout, had my persecutors thought fit to administer it! From this time I was relieved from the torments of uncertainty; my fate seemed to be decided. I had arrived at the very acmé of misery, and I began calmly to contemplate the whole extent of my misfortune.

By means of a little civility on my part, which appeared to strike my host as a novelty, and which was nothing more with me than a virtue of habit, I soon prevailed on him to accommodate me with a table and two wooden stools. It would have been vain to have asked for a bedstead; but I had almost forgotten the use of one, and it was no new thing to me to spread my cloke on the ground, with an old silk surtout,

which has often served as a covering for my youngest child. I know not how it happened that the maid put this coat into the carriage, but I am exceedingly obliged to her care; for the sight of it renewed sensations of a very endearing nature! To these coverings I added a mattress which I purchased in the town. Here, said I, throwing myself upon it, here is my death-bed!

An hour after this an officer of the police made his appearance to take formal possession of my person. He received me from the hands of the Counsellor, with whom, heaven be praised, I had thenceforth nothing more to do! This officer, whose name was Katatinski, was a man of a most agreeable figure: he was attended by a single subaltern. "I shall call every day," said he, "but merely for the sake of form, to pay you a visit, and to know how you are; for

I must make a daily report concerning you. This man, indeed, (alluding to the subaltern) must remain continually about you, but less as a guard than as a person ready to serve you.

The Counsellor, happy to have done with me, told me on going away, that he should immediately introduce a friend of his to me, whom he had brought into Siberia the preceding summer, and of whom he had already spoken in very flattering terms on the road; but as his praise was no recommendation with me, I had no desire to make this new acquaintance. My surprize was however the more agreeable, when he introduced M. Kiniäkoff, one of the best informed young men I had ever met with. He accosted me in French, assured me he had repeatedly read my works, and said many handsome things to me on that subject. He offered me his services, la-

mented that I had experienced the same misfortune that had befallen him, and particularly that I had travelled in such bad company; *with such a miscreant!* That was the flattering appellation with which he honoured the Counsellor.

"But this man calls himself your friend."

"Heaven preserve me from such a friend! You must think I wished to keep on good terms with him, and this I still continue to do."

Kiniäkoff, the son of a man of rank of the town of Simbiesk,* had been sent to Siberia, with two of his brothers, and some other officers, for having lampooned the Emperor. He alone had the good fortune to remain at Tobolsk; two others of them had Irkutzk for

* A place situated two hundred verstes to the south of Cäsan, in a very temperate climate.

their prison; his youngest brother was loaded with fetters, and closely confined in a small fortress four thousand verstes from Tobolsk; another in the dreadful Beresow, a place equalling in horrors all that can be imagined of the infernal regions.

I derived no small consolation from meeting with a man who appeared endowed with noble sentiments, and with whom, from the first quarter of an hour after our meeting, I felt myself as familiar as if he had been an old acquaintance. He promised me books; what luxury! From him I learnt that the Emperor had proscribed all foreign literature throughout his dominions, and that my pieces were frequently acted at Tobolsk, in an indifferent manner indeed, but with great applause; he likewise was pleased to add, that my arrival here was more talked of than that of half a

dozen generals in chief would have been. He even offered me, with the Governor's leave, his house and his table. We conversed together more than an hour, and parted highly satisfied with each other. Among other visitors, Baron de Sommaruga, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Austrian service, and knight of the order of Maria Theresa, did me the favour to call on me. He had fought a duel in consequence of a love affair, while he was at Riga, and his rival, a man of more interest than himself, had procured his exile, without reaping any advantage from it; for the young lady, a girl of eighteen, whom Sommaruga had married, soon after left her relations, and flew to Tobolsk to share the misfortunes of her husband. She undertook this long journey without knowing a word of the Russian language, and under the sole escort of a common Courier. Hear-

ing at Moscow that her husband lay ill at Twer, she instantly flew to him, and after that accompanied him to Tobolsk, where I have often witnessed her unshaken attachment. She has evinced great kindness towards me. Not knowing how to cook victuals, I frequently made my meal upon a slice of dry bread. From this lady, however, I have more than once received a portion of her soup and roast meat.

I also saw here Count de Soltikow, a man advanced in years, and in affluent circumstances, who had been exiled for usurious practices. He kept a good house here, and was a very agreeable companion: through his means I was furnished with newspapers.

Three tradesmen from Moscow, two Frenchmen and a German, increased the number of unfortunate exiles at this place, having been concerned in smug-

gling transactions to the amount of not more than two hundred roubles. The latter, whose name is Becker, is a very worthy and friendly man. His wife has just left him in order to solicit his recal, and if she should not succeed, she intends to return here with her children. I embraced the hopes that this opportunity would likewise enable my own family to join me here.

I also received the visits of four Poles, who had been sent into exile for imprudencies of a political nature. They were poor, though of noble birth, and received each an allowance from the State of twenty copecks, or about ten French sols a day. In a word, my chamber was crouded with guests, a circumstance extremely inconvenient to me; and I felt relieved when the approach of night enabled me to retire to my bed, and to the indulgence of my own reflections.

In the course of the night a remarkable circumstance took place, the explanation of which I must leave to my good friends Doctors Gall and Hufeland. I had fallen asleep; towards twelve o'clock I awoke, and fancied myself on board a ship. I not only felt the rocking motion of the vessel, but heard the flapping of the sails, and the noise and bustle of the crew. As I lay on the floor, I could see no objects through the window, except the sky, and this circumstance added to the force of the illusion. I was sensible it was such, and endeavoured to overcome it. I felt myself, as it were, furnished with two separate minds, the one confirmed what I fancied, the other convinced me that it was all imaginary. I staggered about the room, though I saw the Counsellor, and every thing that surrounded me the evening before, remaining absolutely in the same place.

I went to the window; the wooden houses in the streets I thought were ships, and in every direction I perceived the open sea. Whither am I going? seemed to say one mind. Nowhere, replied the other; you are still in your own apartment. This singular sensation, which I cannot well describe, continued for half an hour; by degrees it became less powerful, and at length entirely quitted me. A violent palpitation of the heart, and a quick convulsive pulse succeeded. Yet I was not feverish, nor did I feel any head-each. My own opinion and conviction is, that the whole must have been the commencement of a species of insanity.

I was visited by Aulic Counsellor Paterson, Surgeon-Major of the town, who was born at Revel. He ascribed this strange delirium to the fatigues I had undergone, both of body and mind.

This explanation, however, appeared unsatisfactory to me, though it was perhaps the best that could be given. I had soon reason to entertain a very favourable opinion of this worthy person: he was a countryman of my wife's, and he quickly gained my confidence by the noble frankness of his behaviour. From my first arrival here, he gave me daily proof of his humanity, which even accompanied me to my desert; for it is to him that I am indebted for many things of the first necessity, which, at Kungan, where I was compelled to be my own physician, were of invaluable service to me. He also took all possible pains with the Governor in order to procure me the privilege of remaining at Tobolsk, and if he was not successful, it was merely because the order that came with me did not state whether Tobolsk or the Government of Tobolsk was to

be the place of my exile. In the latter case, the spot not being positively specified, the Governor determines as he thinks fit. All my new friends were of opinion that the order being vague, the Governor had it in his power to retain me at Tobolsk; but according to etiquette, he could not assign to me the place where he himself resides. If ever he loses sight of this rule, it is in the case of obscure exiles, and where there is good reason to suppose that no enquiry would be made concerning them. But unfortunately this was not my case, my arrest having been attended with such singular circumstances, that it appeared an affair of no small importance. The Governor naturally concluded that he should be liable to those secret informations which are now so common: in short his whole conduct convinced me that he was unable to grant me this

indulgence, notwithstanding the strong plea of health which M. Peterson did not fail to urge. I however received hopes of obtaining permission to return to Tobolsk whenever my health required it.

As soon as I began to be free from the interruptions of visits, I set about my Memorial to the Emperor, and as I had already sketched the outline, the task was not difficult. It contained eighteen articles, and it is a duty I owe to my reputation, as well as to my wife and children, to insert an extract in this place, that my innocence and the whole tenor of my conduct may be exhibited in the strongest light. It includes a short sketch of my life, both public and private, upon which so many falsehoods, or at least so many ambiguous stories have been universally propagated.

MEMORIAL *in behalf of the unfortunate* KOTZEBUE, *with corroborating Documents contained in the Papers which have been taken from him. Translated from the original French.**

ARTICLE I.

KOTZEBUE, a native of Weimar, son to the late Counsellor of Legation, Kotzebue, was called to Petersburg at the age of eighteen, at the instance of Count de Görz, a friend of his father's, then Envoy from the Court of Berlin. He was appointed Secretary to M. de Bawr, Engineer-General, whom he served with probity in many affairs of importance, and with whom he continued till the decease of the General.

Proof.—The General recommended him in his will to the late Empress, and that Princess, by virtue of an *immenoi-ukase*,† named

* A part of this was drawn up at Kurgan; its sequel, and the subsequent contents of this book, I did not compose till a later period.

† A special *ukase*; that is, one signed by the Empress's own hand.

him a titular Counsellor, and ordered him to be employed in the Administration of Revel, at that time newly organized.

ARTICLE II.

Kotzebue acted in the capacity of Assessor in the Court of Appeals in Revel, in 1783, and exercised that office during two years to the satisfaction of the superior Judges.

Proof.—Count Browne, the Governor-General, recommended him to the vacant place of President of the Magistracy, a station which confers the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the Senate thereupon appointed him in 1785.

ARTICLE III.

Kotzebue filled this office for ten successive years, without incurring the least reproach.

First Proof.—When Kotzebue, at the end of ten years, was obliged to ask his dismission on account of the impaired state of his health, he received it with advanced rank. The *ukase* to this effect is among his sealed-up papers.

Second Proof.—A certificate was signed by the Governor of Revel, relative to the irreproachable manner in which he executed the

duties of his office. The original instrument is among the papers which are sealed up.

ARTICLE IV.

Kotzebue retired to the country in 1795, and built a small villa called Friedenthal, at the distance of forty-eight verstes from Narva, a spot on which he resided till the end of the year 1797, in the midst of his family, and in the service of the muses. He was then invited to Vienna, as Manager of the Court Theatre; the terms being very advantageous, he left his villa, and considered the sacrifice he made as an offering due to his children. He had asked and obtained the Monarch's consent.

Proof.—The passport which the Governor of Revel delivered to him in virtue of superior orders.

ARTICLE V.

Kotzebue resided at Vienna, but still retained his Livonian villa, hoping one day to return thither. He acquitted himself in all his duties with zeal and probity.

Proof.—The flattering certificate of the theatrical Directory. The original is among the seized papers.

ARTICLE VI.

The Emperor Francis II. was well satisfied with his service and conduct.

Proof.—He granted him his dismission, which on several accounts he had solicited, but retained him in his service as dramatic writer to the Court Theatre, with a pension for life of one thousand florins a year, with leave to expend the same wherever he should please. The original decree, together with a letter written by Count Colloredo, make a part of the papers under sequestration.

ARTICLE VII.

Kotzebue, not satisfied with the above honourable certificate, as it regarded only his dramatic services, thought it incumbent on him to procure a testimony of his conduct, as the subject of a monarchical State, before he left Vienna. For this purpose, he applied to Count de Saurau, Minister of the Secret Police, and obtained from him the most satisfactory answer.

Proof.—The Minister's original note, together with an official letter from Aulic Counsellor Schilling, are both among his seized papers.

ARTICLE VIII.

Kotzebue left Vienna, and went to reside at Weimar, in order to be near his mother. He purchased a house and garden in the neighbourhood, at which he resided twelve months, known and esteemed at the Ducal Court, which he had often the honour to frequent.

Proof.—A letter from the reigning Duchess of Weimar to the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, which may be found among his papers. He appeals besides to the testimony of the reigning Duke, and to that of the Duchess Dowager.

ARTICLE IX.

Kotzebue, as well to gratify the wishes of his wife as to embrace his two sons, who have the honour to be educated in the Cadet-corps at Petersburg, resolved to undertake a journey to Russia: His duty as dramatic writer to the Emperor of Germany obliged him to apply for a passport, which was accordingly granted.

Proof.—The original instrument is among his papers; and it shews at the same time that he was *bonâ fide* in the service of his Imperial and Royal Majesty.

ARTICLE X.

Kotzebue applied for a passport to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and obtained it. [Here the writer entered into all the necessary details.]

Proof.—The original letter from Baron de Krüdener.

ARTICLE XI.

Kotzebue commenced his journey, and was arrested on the frontiers of Prussia. This unexpected blow alarmed him: he however consoled himself with the notion, that a prudent precaution, under the circumstances of the times, might have occasioned this measure. Fully relying on his own innocence, he consoled his family and proceeded to Mittau.

Proof.—He appeals to the testimony of the officer who escorted him thither.

ARTICLE XII.

At Mittau he was informed that he must be conducted to Petersburg. To this order he submitted with a good grace; but he soon discovered that his guards were dragging him to Siberia. He then demanded, in an agony of despair, what crime he had committed, his

conscience being pure of all crime towards God and his Sovereign.

ARTICLE XIII.

But may it not be possible that, like many others, he might have been an avowed partizan of the Revolutionary System.—No.

First Proof.—Two of his sons are in the Cadet-corps at Petersburg; a third is in the Cadet-engineers at Vienna. These are so many hostages of his loyalty, which he has voluntarily delivered up.

Second Proof.—The bulk of his estate, with the addition of that settled on his wife, is in Russia, and he has never attempted to dispose of it.

Third Proof.—Had he been a man of revolutionary principles, it is natural to conclude that he would have left Vienna to have visited France: he remained, however, continually at Weimar, at which place he received his pension from Vienna.

Fourth Proof.—In the year 1790, he was one of the first to satirize the horrid outrages of the Revolutionists, in a Comedy entitled *The Club of Female Jacobins.* In 1792, he

wrote a treatise on nobility, which, although it may boast of nothing interesting, except the subject, at least exhibits the sentiments of the writer on that subject.*

Fifth Proof.—It is more than a year ago, that, in a work entitled, *On my Residence at Vienna,* he declared publicly that he preferred the monarchical system of government to any other; and that, unless he should become a knave or a madman, he never would adopt the system of the present day. An author,

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* A drowning man is glad to snatch at a straw. I am better aware than any one can be that this book is good for nothing; and I am sorry I ventured upon the task of writing it. I yielded in this instance to the particular intreaties of a man of the first consequence, who is much in favour of the Sovereign. My situation at that time compelled me to undertake a subject which I had never, or at least very lately, considered with any degree of attention. If the world knew the motives which often induce an author to take up the pen, the judgment it passes upon their works would be more charitable than it commonly is.

well known throughout Europe, would certainly not have published such sentiments in evidence against himself, if he had intended ever to have renounced them.

Sixth Proof.—In 1795 he presented to the Empress a plan for the establishment of an University at Dopart, and among other motives which he alledged in favour of its establishment, the following may be found: namely, that the young men would be in less danger of imbibing principles of a seditious nature.

ARTICLE XIV.

Has Kotzebue had any connections with suspected persons?—No.

Proof.—Let the book which is to be found among his papers be referred to; it contains copies of all his letters of importance.

ARTICLE XV.

Can it be surmised that his income arose from an impure source? He who surmises this, is exceedingly mistaken.

Proof.—The above-mentioned book, in which his receipts are particularized.

ARTICLE XVI.

He has written, perhaps, on political subjects?—No.

Proof.—In the aforesaid book may be seen the catalogue of his literary labours.

ARTICLE XVII.

Can it be supposed that he does not entertain all due respect for the Emperor?—The contrary is positively the case.

Proof.—In the year 1796, he converted a generous trait of that Monarch's conduct into a drama, under the title of *The Emperor's Head Coachman*. This work, perhaps, is beneath its subject, but still it manifests the sentiments of the author.

ARTICLE XVIII.

Is Kotzebue an immoral man? And ought he not to be banished from society?—No.

First Proof.—On the perusal of the journal of his occupations, and of all his actions, (which are contained in the same book) what does the reader find? That he planted a tree on his wife's birth-day; that he gave a *fête champêtre* on the cutting of a child's first tooth.

It will there be found, that he uniformly placed his happiness in the endearments of domestic life.

Second Proof.—His almanac, after the plan of Franklin, for the purpose of moral improvement, is a proof of his sincere love of virtue. From the tenor of his confessions, it will be seen at first view, that they were made only for himself, and that he never could have imagined they would have fallen, during his life-time, into the hands of strangers. They may represent him as a weak, but not as a wicked man: People who know him will bear witness that he is an affectionate husband and a good father; qualities surely very foreign to immorality.

In a word, Kotzebue has proved that his public conduct, during twenty years, is acknowledged to have been irreproachable; he has proved that he has never manifested principles subversive of good order; that his connections have been unexceptionable; that he never has written on the subject of politics; that he has ever entertained due sentiments of respect for the person of the Emperor; that

his happiness has invariably rested in the bosom of his family, and that he has been a lover of peace and virtue. By what involuntary fault then has he had the misfortune to incur your Majesty's displeasure? Of this he is totally ignorant. He has in vain endeavoured to conjecture the cause; unless it be that some malevolent person, some secret enemy, has perhaps detached separate passages from his writings, and exhibited them in an unfavourable point of view. If this presumption be well-founded, he confines the whole of his petition to one single favour, that of being allowed an opportunity of explanation.

Your Majesty must be aware that nothing can be written to which malevolent interpretations may not attribute evil designs. Kotzebue may have been mistaken; it is the fate of every man, He may, like others, have introduced a word without due reflection, or given to a phrase a doubtful turn; but he sweats before the throne of the monarch, before that of the Eternal, that he has always strenuously endeavoured to tread in the paths

of virtue. If he has unknowingly swerved from them, he has been severely punished, and the paternal hand which has inflicted the blow will surely raise up the penitent who bewails his fault. May your Majesty, who possesses a feeling heart, contemplate for a moment the horror of your petitioner's situation. His wife far advanced in her pregnancy, perhaps dying of a broken heart; for her the world has no longer any happiness in store; her children will soon fall into indigence; her husband's reputation, his honour being tarnished, who will not conclude that he had been guilty of some crime? After an illness of twelve months duration, he finds himself deprived of every thing, condemned to a dreadful climate, where sorrow and inevitable sickness will soon put an end to his existence. A beloved husband, the father of six children, abandoned by the world, must expire far from the sight of his family! A severe doom for an innocent man! No, Paul the Just still lives; he will restore honour, and life and tranquillity to his unhappy petitioner; he will restore him to his afflicted family!"

Such is the substance of the Memorial which I intended to present to the Emperor. Just as I had concluded it, the Counsellor happened to come into my room, and told me that he was going to the Governor. I commissioned him to inquire at what hour his Excellency would favour me with an audience. He soon returned with the following answer, which astonished the bearer exceedingly: That from five in the morning till eleven at night the Governor was at my service. My companion could not possibly conceive why such civility was shewn to me, an exile, while he himself, though an Aulic Counsellor, was treated with neglect.

What expression shall I employ to exhibit to the eyes of the world the generosity of the beneficent Governor! It is impossible to express either the value of his considerate goodness to me,

or the grateful feelings which such liberal and humane conduct excited in my breast. How differently might he have exercised his power! He might have sent me to Beresow, upon the shores of the Frozen Sea, where, in the warmest months of summer, the earth, for more than a foot beneath its surface, is always frozen; yet he chose for the place of my residence the mildest climate, and for my fellow inhabitants, the most sociable people in all his government. During my stay at Tobolsk, he might have consigned me to sorrow, to want, to solitude; instead of which, he invited me every day to his table, and loaded me with kindness, in the face of two senators,* sent thither to in-

* These two senators were M. de Lewaschoff, and M. de Lapuchin, whose generous conduct to me is for ever imprinted on my heart.

spect his government, and make report of his conduct. He permitted me likewise to choose a servant who might be acquainted with some language in which I could explain myself. The choice indeed was soon made; the only man in Tobolsk qualified, being an Italian, of the name of Rossi, (commonly called Russ) who had resided there for twenty years. Having served on board the fleet at Cherson, he had been concerned in a plot, with several of his comrades, to murder the captain, and deliver the vessel into the hands of the Turks. The conspiracy was happily discovered, and my conspirator sent, by order of Prince Potemkin, into Siberia. He was inrolled among the peasantry, and paid the accustomed tax; but received permission to come to town and earn his bread in what way he pleased, and he generally contrived to gain a good livelihood. This

man was indeed incredibly expert: At one time he would make sausages, at another shoes; he would act in the capacity of a servant to travellers, play the pimp, or attend his employers through the whole extent of the government. He had an artful countenance, with a keen eye; in short he seemed fit for any thing. The Governor warned me of his being an accomplished sharper, and having cheated all his masters. What was to be done? He could speak French as well as Russian; he knew the whole country, and had been every where; he could make bread and dress victuals; he was just what I wanted, and I hired him for three roubles and a half per month, and his board. The Governor extended his kindness so far as to allow me to keep him in my service at Kurgan, a favour of such moment, that had it been known at Petersburg, he might

in consequence have forfeited his post. It is true, that the name of Rossi not having been inserted in the passport, the Governor was able in some measure to connive at the circumstance. When we were on our journey, the fellow knew every village we passed through, and insinuated himself every where in the most happy manner.

END OF VOL. I.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury Square.

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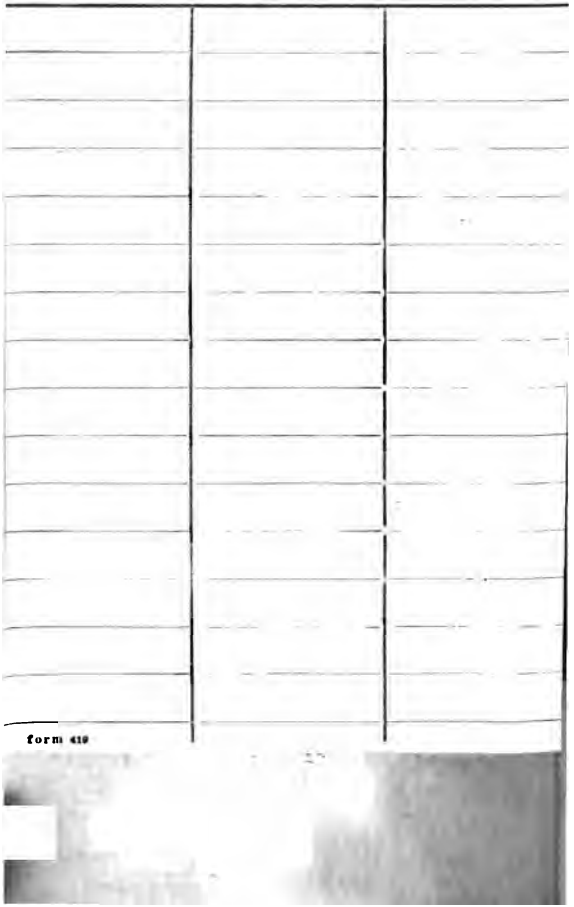

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